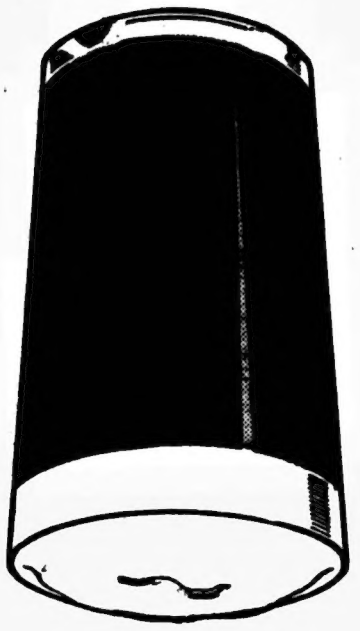
JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE



P. T. O.

Whichever way you look at it, Guinness is distinctive. In appearance. In taste. Above all, in the good it does you.

What makes Guinness Guinness? Why is it like nothing else in the world? Here are three reasons out of many. The dark colour of Guinness comes from a special roasting of barley. Extra goodness and flavour are brewed from the hops by the Guinness methods. And only Guinness is brewed with the active Guinness Yeast. Strong men get quite eloquent about the taste of Guinness. "You've had something worth drinking when you've had a Guinness," they say as they enjoy its generous strength and its invigorating taste.

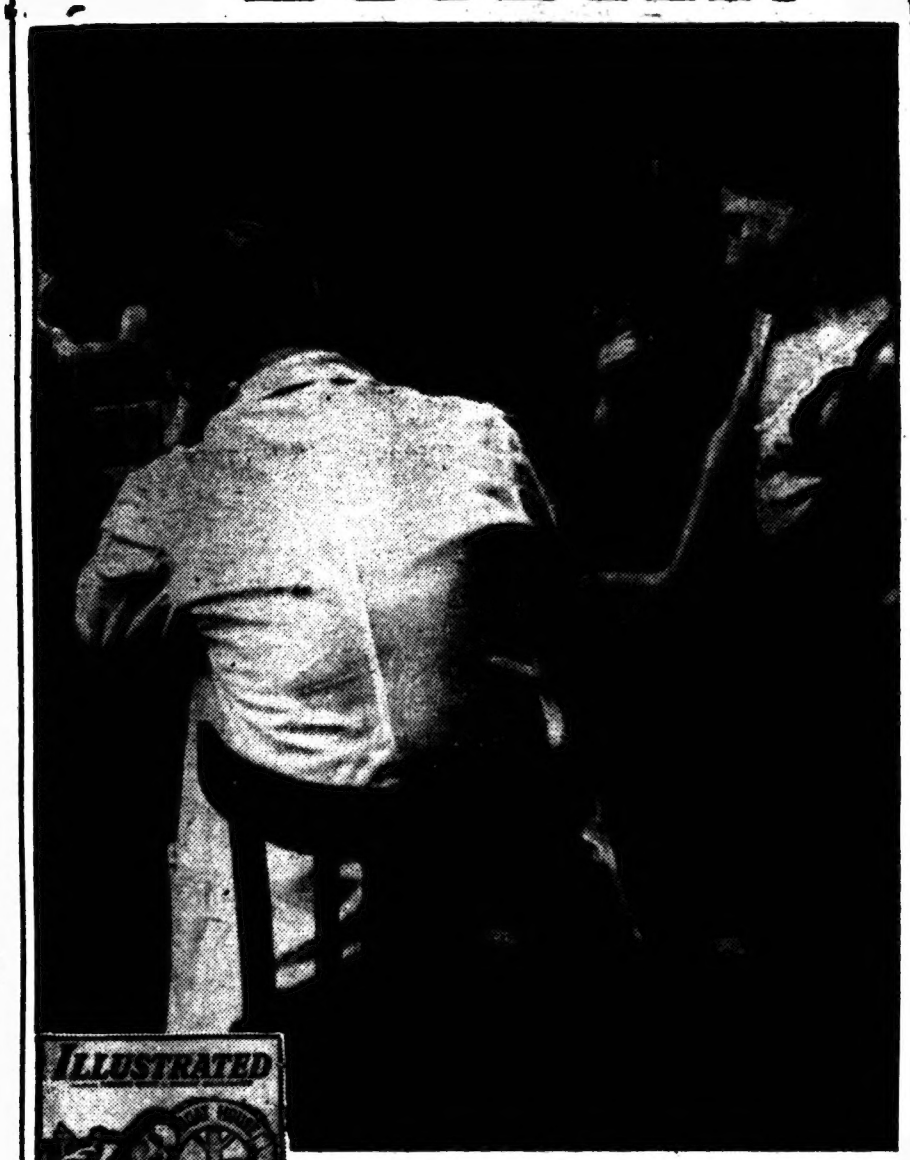
Don't you want to turn up that glass and drink it off? Ah, that's better—

—but what a pity it's only a picture!

Never mind—treat yourself to a Guinness tonight.

G.E.677.D.

WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR?



Look for this cover in FULL COLOURS.

JUST OUT!

Hardly daring to breathe she awaits the verdict... You'll be deeply moved by this, and the many other human pictures in the issue of "Illustrated" Just Out. Every week there's a million-copy Edition of "Illustrated," 64 Big Pages, world-record value for 2d. A paper that has so quickly captured such a great and regular following must have something you and your family cannot afford to miss. In the issue Just Out, there are pages and pages of pictures—fraught with action and drama—taking you inside a great Children's Hospital...on the decks of a Submarine Chaser...in the B.B.C. to see how "In Town Tonight" is made...behind the Boat Race scenes...There are pages of Humour, 3 in colours, with drawings by nearly 30 artists. In the large magazine section there are Five complete stories, including the first of a new series featuring Alonzo MacTavish, Peter Cheyney's famous wireless character. Then, in an intriguing article, Mrs. Roosevelt (Yes, the President's wife) tells you something about Films. What tremendous value for 2d.! Get your copy at once, and make sure of future issues by placing a standing order with your newsagent to deliver "Illustrated" with your newspaper every Wednesday morning.

ILLUSTRATED

JUST OUT, 64 PAGES—2d.

DAYLIGHT DANGERS

SCHOOL is over for the day. The playground rings with the voices of happy children released to revel in the extra daylight hours that spring and summer-time bring. No thought of danger enters their minds to mar the thrills of a glorious rough-and-tumble.

Tragedy, however, stalks in the background. Suddenly there is a scream. Voices are hushed as his playmates gather round a small figure lying mute on the ground. Unnoticed in the excitement he had slipped and broken his leg.

"JOHN BULL'S" AID FOR PARENTS

Unheeded by the children, the ever-present perils of playtime can be a constant worry to parents—a worry which "John Bull" takes upon its own shoulders.

Last week alone "John Bull" dispatched no fewer than 91 cheques to parents whose children had come to harm.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to providing Benefits for Children's Accidents and numerous other every-day risks and perils, "John Bull" is the **only paper in the world** to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£909 PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £909 0s. 7d. to registered readers or their dependants.

OVER £650,000 ALREADY PAID

This Great Gift of Security stands without parallel in practical value. Since the scheme was launched, the colossal sum of over £650,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants—that figure represents a world record in weekly journal Free Insurance.

No greater testimony to the real practical value of this unique Family Insurance Gift could possibly be forthcoming. Think what this practical assistance must have meant to tens of thousands of readers in their darkest hours.

FRIEND IN NEED

The possession of "John Bull's" Certificate of Security gives one an additional sense of protection, for you know, as well as I do, how in the daily round we are often brought face to face with unsuspected risks and dangers, and it's a great relief and comfort to know that if misfortune does come our way "John Bull" will prove our truest friend in need.

ACT NOW

If you have not already registered for this Great Gift of Security—fill in the forms below at once!

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 1/4/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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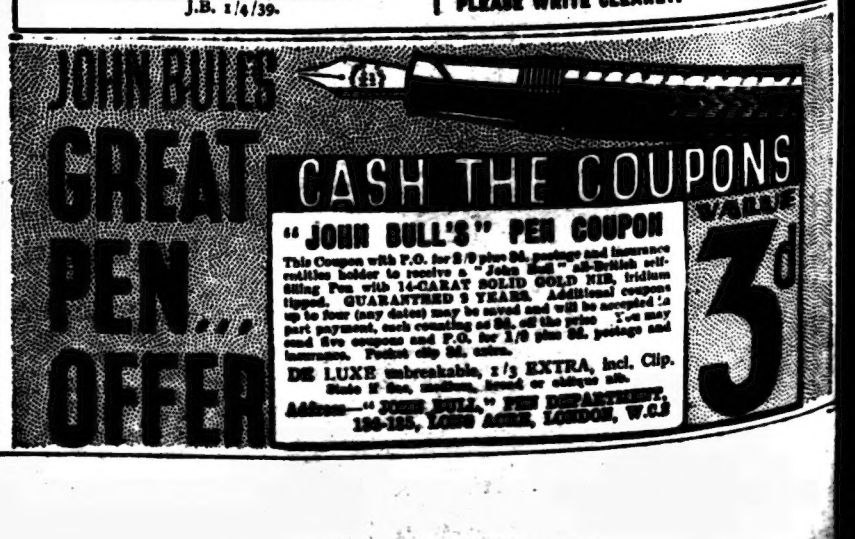
Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 1/4/39.


JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
VALUE 3d
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 3 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. postage and insurance. Postal clip 2d. extra.
DE LUXE unbreakable, 2/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip.
State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.
Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT, 130-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

CARPET BARGAINS

9/11

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- ex., we will forward direct from our looms one of our 'Presidential' Reversible SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom use, handsomely designed, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blues, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. T. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Road, Leeds.

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.

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AMAZING BARGAINS
100 GLADIOLI 1/9

Most glorious mixture of colours. 100 Gladioli in 8 Named varieties, 2/6. Lilium Regale, 25 enormous bulbs, 2/-. 100 Begonias, 50 single & 50 double, 3/6. Anemones De Caen, 1/6 per 100. Lilium Tenuifolium, 3/6 per 100.

All sep. labelled and well packed. Guaranteed to give complete satisfaction. We pay Carriage on orders over 7/6. Under, please add 6d. Deal with reliable Nurserymen.

GREAT WESTERN NURSERIES
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SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. LTD.
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FILMS FREE
FOR EASTER AND FOR EVER

We load your Camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British-made 'Gratispool' film to advertise the Gratispool Service. NO 'CATCH.' Send this advt. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. ALL STANDARD SIZES: 3½ x 2½, 4½ x 2½, 2 x 3, or 2½ x 1½ films, and to fit KODAK 620 Camera.

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My new lists show the most amazing bargains from 57/6 cash, or terms. Send a postcard for the finest free Cycle Catalogue of the year, also Coupon for FREE accessories.

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Look!!!

Landscapes, portraits, groups (size 3½in. by 2½in.) can be taken with the new "MYNA" all-British folding camera. It has a large brilliant view finder, quick loading action and is finished in crinkle black and chromium plate. A very smart and efficient camera.

Wonderful value at **15/-**

Ask your dealer or write direct to
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PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

for **3/-** DEPOSIT

10 gn. MODEL FOR **75/-**

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris, 8x Magnification. Wide View. "Screw and Eyepiece Focus" Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 3/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

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SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 500-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-9 profit at 2d. per punch, and £1-5-0 at 1d. per punch. Agents working our special profit-sharing plan are making £5 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board and illustrated price list .. .. .. **3/9** post free.

Discount for dozen lots.

BURDON HUNTER
(Punchboard Specialist),
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TRADE SUPPLIED. (Late Camomile Street.)

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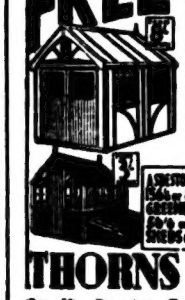

Also 2/- in £ REDUCTION. Write for full details. Buildings in sections. Easily bolted. On approval. Prompt despatch. Carr. Paid. FREE Catalogues:

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To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "Here's Extra Money For You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

J.B.49 .....
Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.

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SMALLEST DEAF AID IN THE WORLD

The New Silver Min. No larger than a bean. Amazing power. Light and invisible. Fits right in the ear. No Batteries—No Wires—No Cost of Upkeep. Test it and judge for yourself. Immediately gives better hearing; also, by means of a new device, improves the hearing. First 1,000 offered for 28/- per pair. Usual price £2 2s. Write to-day.

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Send name and address for 30 Days' Free Trial.—D. & J. HILL, LTD., Works Dept., 245, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Cir. Tube Stn.). (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.)
Supplies under National Health Benefit.

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CARDINAL POLISH

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Colour and polish your Tile and Composition Floors with Cardinal Polish. Also excellent for Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths, etc.

Will not wash off in the rain

In Red, White, Cream, Green, Buff and Transparent.

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QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts **WET or DRY** grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used — sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. **FREE SHARPENER** and easy directions. Send NOW P.O. 3/- to:

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The GRAVES "EPWORTH" patent combined Washer and Wringer eliminates toil from wash-day, and saves you all Laundry charges. It washes every thing thoroughly and quickly, and does not injure dainty fabrics. Large capacity tank, newest pattern cast Rustless Metal Agitator, brass draw off tap; wringer fitted with 14-inch solid rubber rollers, single screw cantilever adjustment, covered cog wheels, reversible clamps, two-way water drain, detachable mangling board. Finished in mottled Blue-grey enamel. Carr. Paid.

5/- Monthly

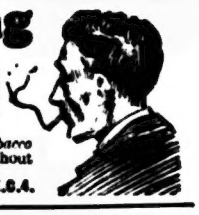
Terms 5 - monthly. **24**

CATALOGUE sent Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS



Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "*Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made.*" If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write, to-day for the Famous Treatise, "*Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out,*" which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.

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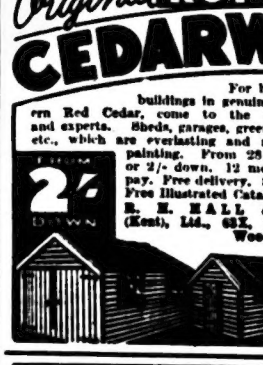
THE Original ROT-PROOF CEDARWOOD



For beautiful buildings in genuine Western Red Cedar, come to the pioneers and experts. Sheds, garages, greenhouses, etc., which are everlasting and need no painting. From 28/- cash, or 2/- down. 12 months to pay. Free delivery. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue to R. H. HALL & CO. (Kent), Ltd., 681, Paddock Wood, Kent.

GET that SUTCLIFFE Store SHED - NOW!

FROM MONTHLY **3/8**

For S.S. Boat Tools, Garden Tools, Cycles, Implements, Etc. Built in 6 sizes, perfect fitting sections. Easily the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing Felt included free. Floors extra. Small sizes made from 24/-.

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 pts.	
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Send for Free Catalogue. Garages 75/-, Greenhouses 55/-, Aviaries £3/-, Workshops £3/-, Poultry Cabins £3/-, Pearled 3/- per yd. Kennels 27/-, Asbestos Garages £6, Bungalows £18 18s., etc.

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READ The most wonderful description of the next world ever written. 500 PAGE BOOK Good Paper. Clear Type.

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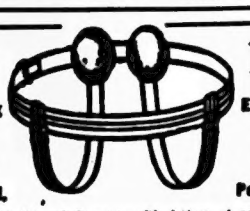
Or in Cloth Binding 1/-.

Send to **SWEDENBORG SOCIETY** (Dept. B), 21, Bloomsbury Way, London, W.C.1

10/6 SINGLE — 15/6 DOUBLE



Ex. Strong 15/- In Silk Elastic 17/6 — Postage 4d.

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We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Reducing Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once, stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. Supplied through Approved Societies.

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NEW MOTOR CYCLES YOURS FOR 60/- FITTED SPEEDOMETER TAXED NO EXTRAS

24 MONTHS TO PAY. Most 1939 makes on similar amazing terms.

Illustrated Lists Free.

98 M.P.H. — CASH £29.17.6 — 115 M.P.H.

Example: Latest 1939 250 c.c. O.H.V. Red Panther, 60/- Rides Away. Complete dyno lighting, taxed, fully equipped, ready for the road! £,000 other new and used bargains. Highest exchanges m/cycle or cycle.

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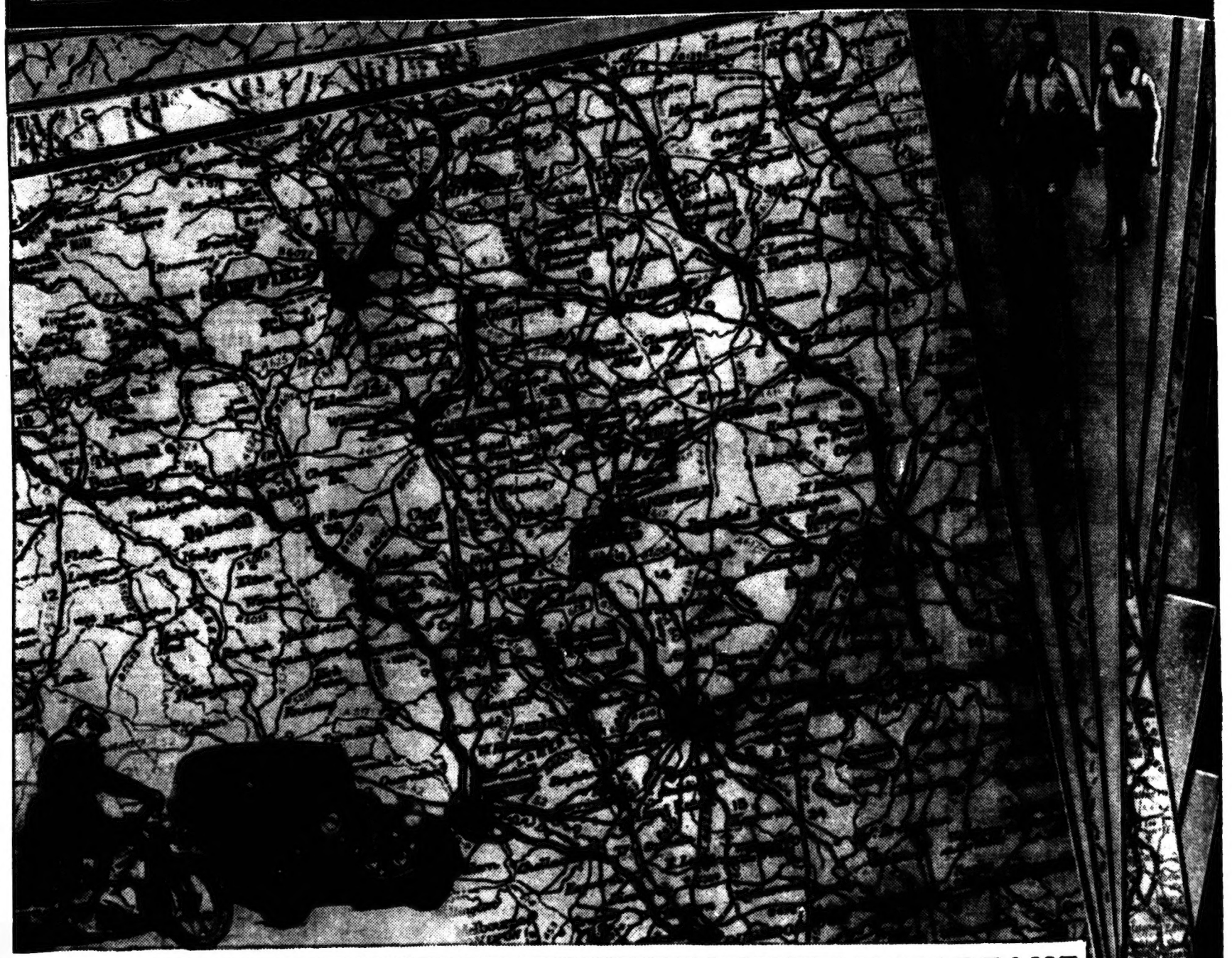
28 ROAD MAPS



Post Forms Below At Once!

Cut Here. Do not Separate Reservation Form and Label.

A SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT GIFT.
COMPLETE SET OF 28 FULL COLOUR ROAD MAPS

RESERVATION FORM

Address envelope exactly as shown below, and post to:—

"Maps" Reservation Dept. J.M.1, "John Bull,"
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2 (Pref.).

This Form reserves your Road Maps in your name.

You must fill in Label on right with your name and full postal address in BLOCK LETTERS, affix a ½d. (halfpenny) stamp in space provided, and send in with this Form.

Please reserve in my name a Complete Set of 28 Road Maps. I will complete my Gift Voucher as directed and forward it to you together with 13 Tokens cut from 13 consecutive issues of "John Bull." I have not previously reserved a set of Road Maps under this scheme. The Newsagent whose name and address are given below has my written order for the regular supply of "John Bull."

If you wish to take advantage of the Special Privilege opportunity of a De Luxe Edition with all-weather Window Wallet and Gazetteer, details of which appear on opposite page and on your Gift Voucher, please place a tick in the box on right. ☞ ☐

Reader's Signature.....

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS

Full Postal Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

Date....../.....

Leave Blank Checked and Verified.

.....
District Supervisor.

The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Tuesday, April 4th.
You may post this Form and Label on right in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. (halfpenny) stamp.
"John Bull," 1/4/39

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be affixed here by YOU.

NAME

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

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X .....

IMPORTANT

It is a condition of this offer that your newsagent holds your written order for the regular and uninterrupted supply of "John Bull." If he does NOT already hold your written Order hand him the Form below to-day!

B **"John Bull"**
TWOPENCE WEEKLY
ORDER FORM

To.....
(*Name of Newsagent*)
ADDRESS

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Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

SIGNATURE

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ADDRESS

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Date....../.....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

IN FULL COLOURS

CYCLISTS! **MOTORISTS! MOTOR CYCLISTS! HIKERS! Here's a wonderful thrill—the most interesting event of all in the great outdoor Season that is just beginning—something that will double your pleasure—make every trip easier, quicker, more interesting, even cheaper—it's a magnificent Gift from "John Bull"—28 beautiful FULL-COLOUR ROAD MAPS to a scale of only 8 miles to one inch—based on the latest ORDNANCE SURVEY MAPS—almost GIVEN AWAY to every reader! What an opportunity! Just what you need! So many changes are taking place in Britain to-day—new roads, new landmarks, new sign-posts, new estates springing up everywhere—that old maps are worse than useless—never before was it more essential for every road user to possess the last word in maps! Thousands will rush to secure this entirely new and authoritative collection of Road Maps. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. It is practically a case of first come—first served! Don't be too late! Reserve your Maps at once by filling in and posting Reservation Form "A" and Label on opposite page immediately.**

★ Great changes have taken place in Britain—fields are now residential districts—straggling lanes have been converted into roadways—hills have been tunnelled and sliced for by-passes—new railway stations, aerodromes and public buildings have arisen. Routes that were once the only way are now sometimes the longest and most tedious.

NO MATTER WHERE YOU WANT TO GO—these maps are the most up-to-date reliable direction finders it is possible to possess! They show you all the changes. Planned to a scale of only 8 miles to the inch, you can quickly gauge distances by eye. They are also the quickest and most convenient maps, being arranged in sectional form on a series of 14 double-sided, specially toughened Cards. The maps come to you in a stout paper Wallet which can be easily carried in car pocket—cycling bag—or rucksack. Printed on the face of the wallet is a key map of the 28 sectional maps. No more struggling with big and complicated sheets—you simply pick out the section you want. You will be able to get to your destination in the quickest, most comfortable and cheapest way. You will find a host of new and more pleasant routes—new highways and byways—new places of interest and beauty. Modern expert Map Makers have packed all essential information into these maps, yet—there is no confusion or crowding. Town names are printed in four styles of type, according to the size of the towns, and all other features are clearly indicated by easy-to-see-symbols—trunk roads, arterial roads, by-passes, main roads, other "A" roads, ferries, dangerous gradients, picturesque roads, "B" roads, unclassified roads, race-courses, railway stations, local heights, places of historic interest, aerodromes, lighthouses, ports, canals, rivers, lakes, coastlines, etc., etc., all are included.

These 28 Maps are perfectly printed in Full COLOUR on both sides of 14 specially toughened Cards, each measuring 7½ inches wide by 10 inches deep.

"John Bull" wants to emphasise that this complete collection of 28 Maps is almost GIVEN AWAY to its readers. All you are asked to send is ninepence (9d.), which includes postage, special packing, insurance, etc. *There's nothing more to pay!* Your Gift Voucher on which you qualify is printed on the right.

DO THIS NOW

Your Reservation Form "A" on the opposite page and the Label "X" (to which you must affix a ½d. (halfpenny) stamp) MUST BOTH BE POSTED AT ONCE. Be sure to indicate which Edition you want reserved. At the same time indicate on your Gift Voucher on right the Edition you have chosen. Your Set of 28 Road Maps will then be prepared, ready for dispatch immediately your Gift Voucher, completed as directed below, is received.

HURRY!—New! Fascinating! And Valuable!—These modern Road Maps will be the talk of the country and will be sought after by everyone. To delay may mean missing the finest Gift of its kind ever to be made. So don't be too late! Fill in the Form "A" and Label on opposite page and post them at once.

HOW TO QUALIFY FOR YOUR MAPS.

On right is the Gift Voucher "C" on which you qualify for your set of Road Maps. To qualify cut out the token, Series "B," from the RIGHT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Do this with THIRTEEN separate consecutive issues. Keep Tokens carefully in an unused envelope. Applicants from this announcement may commence from token No. "B 169" in this issue. NO TOKENS PRIOR TO No. "B 169" and NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

Having collected the correct number of tokens, complete the Gift Voucher as directed. *Be sure to indicate if you wish to accept the De Luxe Edition.*

Write your name and full postal address on the "With Care" Label in BLOCK LETTERS. Then post your Voucher and the "With Care" Label, together with your envelope of Tokens and a Postal Order for the nominal amount shown on the Voucher (which includes cost of postage, packing, insurance, etc.), to the address given.

Send Cheque or Postal Order. Do not send loose stamps. Write your name and address on the back of Postal Order, make it payable to "John Bull" and cross /& Co./. Upon receipt of your properly completed Gift Voucher, remittance, and Tokens, etc., your set of Road Maps as specified by you will be immediately dispatched.

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GLORIA, *hard-working star manne-quin, tells you a little secret of her vitality and success:*

The dress that every girl longs to wear

'In my work as a "star" mannequin I've worn 1,000 wedding dresses, countless priceless furs and lavish gowns, and at one show alone I wore £1,000,000 worth of jewels! I've modelled dresses too in a plane above London.

But a mannequin's life is not all glamour. There are countless hours of hard work. Mornings standing for the fitters; hours under glaring lights for photographs.

And, of course, however long a mannequin works, she must always look her best, vital, alive and full of pep — it's no wonder you so often see CADBURYS Milk Chocolate in the dressing-rooms — it's so energy-making! It's delicious and is really almost a meal in itself!'

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NORMA KNIGHT -continued

Norma starts film work

Humphrey, Norma's husband, is busy producing a new play. He is, therefore, unable to co-star with Norma. A young American has been chosen to take his place.

The first morning at the studio Norma meets Jack Lindsay. He is obviously very much attracted towards her.

Jack's admiration grows daily. Others soon begin to notice the attention he pays Norma.

Before the week is out Norma becomes aware of Jack's infatuation for her.

Norma is wise. She knows nothing is so ageing, so unattractive, as a dull, lifeless skin. She retains the beauty and freshness of her complexion by using Knight's Castile, the creamy soap made specially to prevent "Tired Skin."

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

Does Norma like Jack Lindsay? Look out for the next episode!

KG 240-66-65

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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

STRIVE FOR PEACE!

WE are reaping what we sowed. But there is still time to avert the famine of war and gather the harvest of peace.

There is still time to undo the tragic errors of the past, to build the future in the light of the experience we have gained from our follies.

Still time, even now. Still time, if we act now. But it must be—Now.

JUST PEACE

JOHN BULL pleads for peace. Not Peace at any Price, but a peace based on justice and mutual understanding.

JOHN BULL has shown how that may be secured. And this journal says again that it can never be secured by resort to arms or by threats of economic pressure.

If Britain is attacked, Britain will fight. It will fight proudly and wholeheartedly.

But after the fight will come the reckoning. Better strive for peace at the eleventh hour than wait until the world is in ruins!

FACTS

This journal has never hesitated to face unpleasant facts.

Back in November, 1937, we attacked the "Book that Shattered the World"—the Versailles Peace Treaty that, as we declared, has fomented suspicion, jealousies and enmity.

In January, 1938, we followed this with a "Map that may Murder Millions." We put our finger on the danger spots of Europe, showed how they threatened the security of the whole world.

DO IT NOW!

A little later, A. G. Gardiner wrote for JOHN BULL his memorable article, "Tell Hitler," in which he demanded that the German leader should be told that his just claims could be settled at the conference table.

Only a few weeks ago he urged Mr. Chamberlain to "Do it Now" and summon a world conference.

STILL TIME

Those warnings were ignored. Golden opportunities were thrown away.

So to-day all Europe is standing to arms.

Yet a bold stroke, as we said last week, is still possible.

TALK IT OVER

Everyone knows that the Peace Treaty was bad.

Let Britain invite all its signatories to meet and talk it over!

Ah, but there are difficulties. How can we reach agreement if Hitler cannot be trusted to honour *any* agreement?

NO FOOL

Well, Hitler is no fool. He has found it expedient to bluff and break his word. But, given a real prospect of obtaining justice, would he be so stupid as to spoil his own chances?

Remember that he cannot afford a long and costly war. Remember that the majority of his people desire peace—witness the Munich demonstrations last September.

BETTER LATE THAN—

At any rate, let us try.

Late in the day, yes. But if the holocaust came, we might fight each other to a standstill and then——

We should have to meet round the table in the end.

REALISM

The 1,063,000 people who signed the peace petition handed to the Prime Minister a fortnight ago were realists.

For they know that war cannot bring a just and lasting settlement but a host of new wounds to the scarred race of Europe.

Mr. Chamberlain is a realist when he asserts that Britain does not want to form new *blocs* of countries to oppose other countries. That way madness lies.

TWO WAYS

The path of sanity is the path to peace by negotiation. A world conference is the first step on that path.

And there is only one other way that this nation can go. A way that leads to the abyss.

£ s. d. DAYS

Warning—the Budget draws near! In the eleven days' holiday which Parliament begins next Thursday, Sir John Simon will put the final touches to the nation's money plans for the ensuing year.

What will he do? No one other than himself, not even the Prime Minister, can tell you that for certain.

But we have reasons for saying that there'll be no big tax increases on the general public.

REMEMBER 1914

In the Great War more than ten million persons were killed, more than fourteen million wounded.

The British Empire mobilised 8,904,000 men. Of them, 1,089,919 were killed, 2,400,983 wounded.

England alone had 30,000 men who were blinded. 6,000 driven insane, scores of thousands shell-shocked.

Thousands of those men are still living in a sightless world—or confined by grim asylum walls.

Germany's dead numbered 2,050,466 troops, 4,202,028 wounded.

Was that War to End War fought in vain?

BIGGER PENSIONS

If any concessions are granted at all old age pensioners will benefit.

But others who have been working hard for better pension rights are almost certainly doomed to disappointment.

They're the spinsters.

QUEER

We have reports of strange happenings in the telephone service.

Men are taken from the employment exchanges and trained as night operators both for normal and emergency work.

When proficient—and due to receive better wages—they are dismissed for "staff reorganisation."

So back they go to the dole queues—to take the places of unqualified men who have been given their jobs.

STUPIDITY

Latest Government excuse for refusing bombproof shelters:

The civil population must not expect better protection than the fighting men.

Stupid psychology!

WAR LESSON

In the Great War the British forces stuck it because the men knew that their families were safe.

And the German army collapsed only when the soldiers realised that their kith and kin were imperilled by blockade.

PUNY PLANS

Again, lowest official estimate is that accommodation would have to be found for 2,000,000 people evacuated from air raid danger zones.

But the Government camps scheme provides for only 17,500!

FEVERISH ..ASTE?

Eleven months ago we surprised the Ministry of Transport by telling it confidentially how people were getting driving licences without undergoing the "Learner" test.

The Ministry said, "We will look into the matter and take steps."

Now — eleven months after — those steps are actually being taken.

THE SECRET

So we can disclose the loophole.

A driving licence issued in Northern Ireland was available for all Britain, and in Northern Ireland there is no new driver's test.

At least two Belfast agencies, for a fee of 10s., would obtain a licence for clients in England and Scotland.

LOOPHOLE

But there is still another "Learner" escape avenue.

British motorists can obtain without test—from certain Continental countries—an international driver licence which is valid in Britain.

TRIUMPH

Let's hear more from Mrs. Olga Collett!

We don't often comment on broadcast programmes in detail, but Mrs. Collett's hurriedly arranged commentary on the royal gala at Covent Garden was the most brilliant and perfectly delivered description of its kind since radio began.

Mrs. Collett has a good job, in charge of seven hundred women. But the B.B.C. should make it worth her while to "take the air."

RACING CLEAN-UP

Just a year ago JOHN BULL gave warning that the whole sport of greyhound racing would be in peril if those responsible for fraud were not searched out and suppressed.

In consequence, a purge seems to have been carried out with almost Gestapo-like thoroughness.

FROZEN OUT

A new greyhound season is in progress. All over the country people who were suspect no longer have a finger in the racing pie.

Many tracks in suspect ownership have been cleansed.

So public patronage of the sport is still greater

Patrons of recognised greyhound racing tracks are now assured of a run for their money. "John Bull" is pleased to have played a part in bringing the sport under tightest control

Voice of the People

In homes, offices, clubs and pubs the Crisis has been overshadowing all other topics. The same applies to JOHN BULL'S *huge postbag. Four out of every five reader-writers deal this week with the international situation. In their hundreds of letters are scores of viewpoints—some of which we quote below.*

I HAVE always admired JOHN BULL'S policy of outspokenness and fair play, but since the Munich agreement was signed you have changed beyond recognition.

You appear to have adopted the attitude of a five-weeks-old puppy.—J. H. Wykes, 154, Wortley Road, Rotherham.

We do not believe in running away from a fight, but, with a memory of one million of the cream of our manhood killed in the last war, we don't believe in looking for one. Strange that attitude should be regarded as typical of the most destructive of animals, a puppy.—EDITOR.

* * *

We are allowing Herr Hitler to do by easy stages what the Kaiser tried to do by one masterstroke in 1914.

The whole world rallied against the Kaiser. Don't let it be bluffed to-day by the gradualness of the new Kaiser's policy. It must stop him as it stopped the other criminal.—George Wilkinson, 9, Warde Avenue, Doncaster.

* * *

I notice Great Britain has taken on its usual role of protector to the small nations.

That's all very well, but I think other powerful countries might take a turn at the protector business. America, for instance.—John Beresford, 57, Barlock Road, Basford, Nottingham.

* * *

I am a youth nearly seventeen. Now or never I must lay the foundation-stone of my career. But the only interest of people around me seems to be war.

My elders know exactly what Britain ought to do with this country or that, but if I, the person who would be called on to do the fighting, attempt to speak, I am reminded that it is a subject for grown-ups, and I must keep my mouth shut like a clam.

We modern youths—youths of all nations—have met each other in international camps, visited each other in different countries, and through the various youth movements like the Scouts got to know each other.

We don't want to fly at each other's throats. The trouble is that others would make us.

If the youth of the world could speak on this subject that concerns them most of all—speak untutored, uninflamed by grown-ups—there would be no wars.—P. E. Broad, 57, Swinburne Road, Iffley Road, Oxford.

* * *

My brother has lived in Germany for five years. He is spending a few days here.

He says: "Don't be in a hurry to fight Hitler. Time is on our side—not his."

Our B.B.C. broadcasts in German, he says, are making Germans think. Although there is no flagrant propaganda in them, they make intelligent listeners realise to what an extent they are being deceived.

Quite apart from rearmament, if war is inevitable, the longer it is delayed the better for us.—A. S., Oxford Street, London, W.1.

He Sticks

Meet Mr. T. Butler, of Amersham, Bucks.

He started farm work at seven; at seventy-seven he is still ploughing—and he has worked on one farm for the last fifty-two years.

"Retire?" he asked Reader Banning, of Amersham, who took this picture. "Not while I can do a full day's work. I've got newt wrong wid me 'cept me old rheumatics."

As to farming: "Give me hosses. With them new-fangled contraptions you git throwed all over the place," says this wonderful old man.

STANLEY (Co. Durham) Fire Brigade was called to a house fire the other day.

One hydrant serves a large number of streets, and pressure was so bad that they had to abandon their efforts to put out the fire after half an hour.

The flames were extinguished by the jet from a garden hose fixed to a house tap.

It would be as funny as the usual music-hall skit about village fire brigades—if it were not so serious.—F. H. Fraser, 20, Bath Lane Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Local enquiries show bad arrangements for water supply made brigade's efforts hopeless. Position is similar in many parts of the country. As we have said before, whole of the country's fire-fighting services need review.

Free Cinemas!

I enjoy nothing more than the fight you are putting up for increased old age pensions.

The present allowance doesn't permit of anything more than mere existence, and entertainment is out of the question.

I wonder, in fact, why cinema proprietors don't admit the old people free at certain times.—T. Smith, 36, Lawson Street, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

Reader Smith has missed one thing which we always stress: That free this and free that would give the Government an excuse for refusing to increase old age pensions. Let the old people have decent pensions and have the joy of paying admission money knowing they can afford it.

Wise Woman

When I was an insurance agent I used to hear many glowing tributes to the helping hand of JOHN BULL in time of trouble.

Typical was the time when I met a client whose house had been gutted by fire. She had declined to take out fire insurance through me. She was crazy with worry till she remembered her insurance through JOHN BULL.

I remember her relief when she told me: "Through JOHN BULL I have replaced everything."

Now I have become a reader—and I marvel that you can give such protection and so good a paper for twopence.—New Reader, Ronald Street, Liverpool, 13.

A puzzle to us is that so many people fail to sign the coupon which gives them this unique protection free. It appears on page 2. Have you signed it?

See Shame

My town—Hull—has lost **230** gallant fishermen at sea in the last eleven years. When the *Lady Jeanette* sank within sight of home recently thirteen were added to the number.

To-day a Nazi ship flying a swastika flag is raising the ship—while our own unemployed look hungrily on. How disgraceful.—Mrs. Jewitt, 10, Waterloo Terrace, Waterloo Street, Hull.

It was stated in Parliament that we hadn't got the necessary lifting tackle. It will be remembered that some years ago, when a British submarine went down, German divers had to be sent for as we hadn't got the necessary diving tackle. Yet, again, we often have to send for Dutch high-powered tugs. It seems, therefore, that "the Queen of the Seas" needs her regalia attending to somewhat.

Warder Wardens

What will be the fate of our prison inmates in the event of an air raid? I think the public is entitled to know.—H. E., Crawley, Sussex.

Every prisoner has a gas mask, has been taught use of it. Warders have become wardens. "A.R.P." is, in fact, 100 per cent. efficient in our prisons, if nowhere else.

Bigotry

It would be interesting to hear the excuses of cultural Germany for refusing the admission of Jews to its universities.

The name university is a reference to the universality of knowledge—is the label of a place where anyone can seek knowledge, whatever his race.—Miss L. C., Harrow, Middlesex.

Actually, name "University" carries an obligation to "seek truth wherever it is to be sought and through whomsoever it may be found," which would make it hard to explain sacking of Jewish professors and research scientists.

Fiction

I wish we could have a school of novelists, in which working wives could teach fiction writers that labourers do not, as most of them seem to think, earn £5 a week.

My husband gets £2, out of which we pay 10s. 2d. rent and keep two children. We get along, but we do wish that fiction would stop short of being fiction that embarrasses us.—Mrs. Phyllis Clayton, 16, Martin Street, Lincoln.

Luxury Cruise

Our new luxury liner *Queen Elizabeth* prompts this memory.

My father died 70 years ago, and my mother decided to take us to America.

Our luxury liner was lit by oil lamps, and nobody could visit the lower deck, which was the dining-room, until evenings.

Shouts and bells awoke us each morning, and to make sure we left our six-berth cabins, burning peppercorns were pushed near our beds.

We paraded sneezing and coughing—to collect our own breakfasts or go without.

There was no entertainment. The only fun was being rolled from side to side of a ship that certainly did roll.

Once we were battened down. Parents clung to their children awaiting the end. The ship tossed like a cork. Two members of the crew were carried overboard and drowned. That was luxury travel.—G. H. Martin, Queen's Road, N.11.

On the Road

I gave two girls a lift towards Blackpool the other day. Without a shilling in their pockets they were trekking to the seaside to find seasonal employment.

I asked what they would do before finding jobs. "Perhaps sleep out, somewhere," they replied.—W. B. L., Belgrave Road, London, S.W.1.

Yet agencies ask these girls for their first week's pay!

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

CUT DOWN HOME-WORK!

Mr. H. Kerry.

Urges Reader H. Kerry

What do our kiddies need most? Knowledge is a strong armour for life's battles, but is not health an even greater aid? Too much cramming at homework leads to lost appetites and pale cheeks.

As the father of two schoolgirls, this problem was naturally in the mind of Mr. H. Kerry, 61, Otley Old Road, Leeds. So when he came upon the *Example*, CHILDREN NEED, in a *Bullets* Contest, he promptly expressed his viewpoint in the neat effort, CHILDREN NEED —"ROSES," So "PRUNE" HOME-WORK!

A £300 cheque rewarded Mr. Kerry. Turn to page 39 and an apt comment may well bring you a Life Pension First Prize.

Without Fear or Favour

"The services of a vast number of willing men and women have been lost . . ."

MAN-POWER!

● A nation's strength lies not only in its guns, its ships and its 'planes. To be secure we need a people fit and strong enough to resist all attacks

BRITAIN'S war wolves are on the heels of a long-chased quarry. Their prey is Mr. Chamberlain's solemn promise that he will not countenance peace-time compulsory service without the clearest mandate from the people.

That pledge by the Prime Minister is in danger of being destroyed.

Since the September crisis JOHN BULL has warned the nation that the Conscriptionists were planning ruthlessly to exploit the next spasm of international tension.

And they are nearer success this time than the ordinary citizen may realise.

If Mr. Chamberlain refuses to give way to them, they mean to coerce him into a quick General Election gamble on this issue alone.

The word Conscription will not be used. Universal National Service or General Training will be the selling phrases.

Three reasons will be presented for the introduction of compulsion. The first is that a country would court disaster if its defensive and offensive power was built up *after* the outbreak of a modern war.

Second is that every citizen must be ready, by enforced training, for instant service; and the third, that the effort to achieve these things by voluntary methods has failed and has no prospect of succeeding.

Core of the Conscription campaign is in the last declaration.

IT IS FALSE.

FOR THERE IS ABUNDANT EVIDENCE OF THE DESIRE OF THE PEOPLE OF ALL CLASSES TO SERVE VOLUNTARILY.

ANY DEFICIENCES IN THE NUMBERS REQUIRED ARE DUE TO LACK OF CO-ORDINATION IN THE A.R.P. ARRANGEMENTS.

JOHN BULL has fearlessly and consistently exposed these flaws, and on another page we again show reasons why the entire organisation should be tightened up.

That is something which can be done in a few days. It is no excuse for rushing the country into conscription.

There is, however, one great defect in the voluntary system. JOHN BULL, in the course of a national survey of A.R.P. and civil defence measures, has found it everywhere, from Cornwall to Caithness.

In every town and county, men and women are receiving instruction in emergency work although they have not sufficient strength and stamina for heavy wartime duties. And no effort is being made anywhere to improve their physical condition.

At the same time, in the most essential civil defence services there has been wholesale rejection of volunteers because they are below the minimum physical standards.

In 95 per cent. of the cases they were not much below. *With very little health coaching and a short course of remedial training, practically all of them could have been made fit to serve.*

The services of a vast number of willing men and women have been lost, or are not being fully utilised, because the civil defence organisers forgot to arrange for volunteers to be trained in health, vigour and vitality as well as in the technique of war.

A.R.P. and the other branches of passive defence make very hard work. So severe that, even on comparatively light practice duties, it is common for apparently sound men and women to become quickly exhausted.

This should not surprise the authorities.

FOR years medical officers of health have urgently stressed the need for fortifying the stamina of the nation.

Striking corroboration came from the War Office which, appalled at the high percentage of would-be soldiers who had to be rejected, started its own scheme to improve the physical condition of men wishing to enlist. ,

Because there is no physical training for accepted volunteers or for those who have to be narrowly rejected, the loss of effective man-power is most serious where the need is gravest—in fire-fighting, ambulance driving, stretcher carrying, debris clearance, and the emergency police services.

This handicap to the full development of Voluntary National Service can and must be quickly removed. JOHN BULL suggests a method which would possess permanent value for the country in peace or war.

WIPE OUT THE GOVERNMENT'S NATIONAL FITNESS CAMPAIGN! REORGANISE IT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM! MAKE IT A BIG AND ESSENTIAL PART OF THE NATIONAL SERVICE SYSTEM!

Since its inception two years ago, the official National Fitness movement has floundered because the public saw from the start that it was a sham.

In that short time, £2,000,000 of taxpayers' money has been wasted on it. Yet a section of the Cabinet actually contemplates handing over £2,000,000 more to be squandered in the same way!

ALL along, the National Fitness campaign has failed because it ignores the fact that a nation's health can be bought most cheaply and easily by providing its people with humane living conditions.

It was launched and is still carried on with complete disregard of another vital factor—that physical exercises cannot make good the effects of hunger, poverty and bad environment.

Every attempt, despite the greater pouring out of money, to accelerate and revitalise the present Fitness crusade is doomed.

In many parts of Britain, the flamboyant programme has been at a standstill for months. Most local authorities have been frankly hostile to the scheme which so senselessly sought to put vim and vigour into underfed people by driving them into gymnasiums.

REGULAR physical training is excellent for keeping good health—once good health has been attained. With astounding persistence, the National Fitness sponsors have remained blind to the need for first attacking the physical deterioration which to-day costs Britain £300,000,000 a year.

They have refused to see that there cannot be bodily well-being for people who just cannot afford good food and good homes.

The costly and worthless Fitness Campaign is dead. No amount of extra money can revive it—unless it is completely reconstructed, given a totally new spirit and merged with Voluntary National Service.

And there will then be hope of a real renaissance in health and fitness among our people.

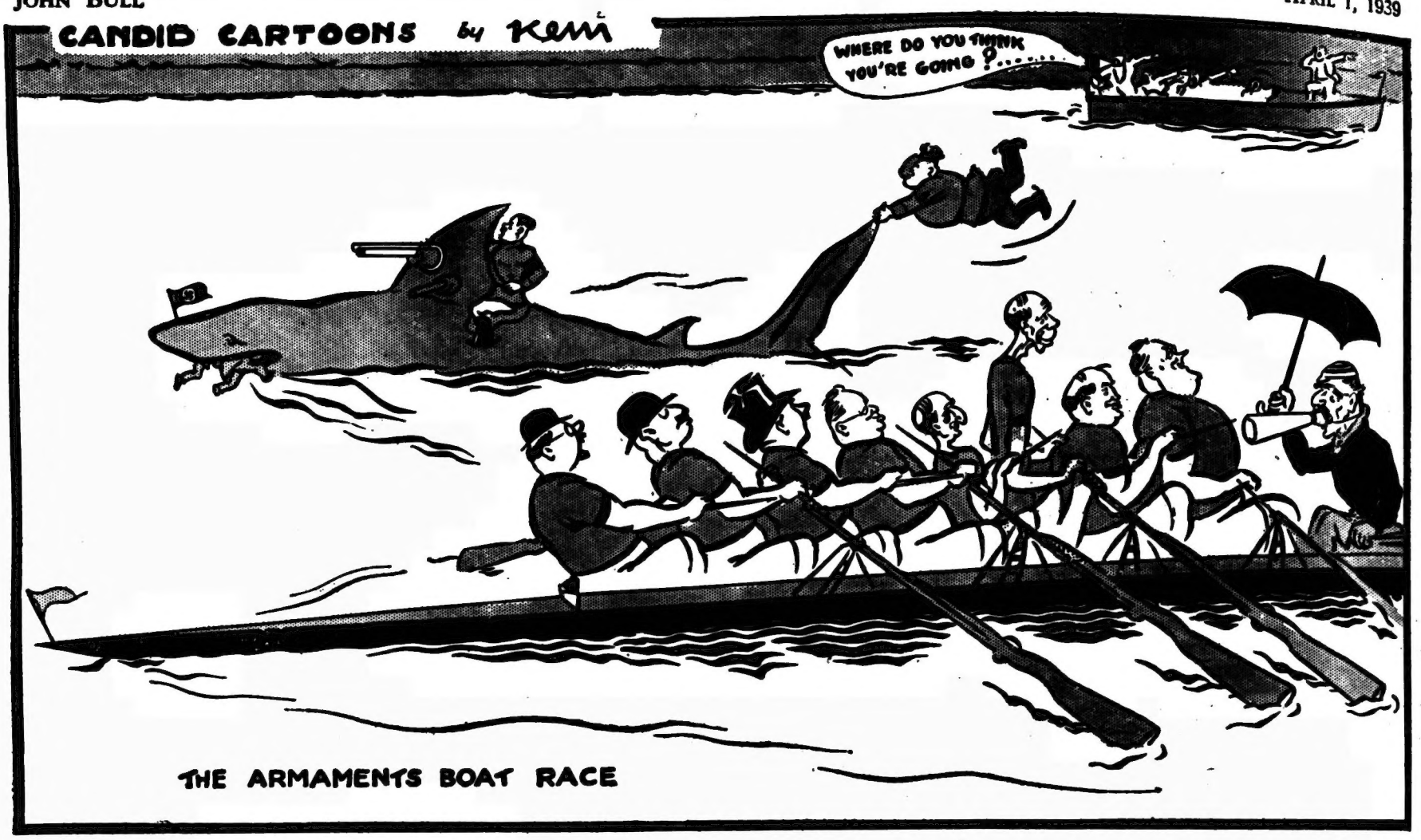
Given the chance, they would take a proud and sensible interest in being fit. The will to be fit exists. It has been denied realisation so far only because the effort made by the State has been stupid and useless.

SECURITY BELONGS TO THE STRONG. BUT THE STRENGTH OF A NATION IS, IN THE END, NOT MEASURED ALONE BY ITS WEALTH, ARTILLERY, BATTLESHIPS AND BOMBERS.

ARMAMENTS ARE OF NO AVAIL IF THE CIVIL POPULATION HAS NOT THE PHYSICAL STAMINA TO RESIST AND TO PROTECT ITSELF.

Voluntary National Service will triumph if training for Fitness is combined with it.

And the Conscriptionists will be silenced.



OPEN LETTERS...

Judge RICHARDSON,
Sunderland County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—I am not one of those benighted fogies who think it wicked for children to have some measure of independence.

But I agree that a child of twelve who wants to have her hair "permed" should be taken over her mother's knee and spanked.

You think it would serve that girl right if she were burned while having her hair waved. I don't. I prefer to blame the parents who allow youngsters to use cosmetics, undergo beauty treatment, and keep late hours.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. J. B. KITE,
St. Peter's, Ealing

REVEREND SIR,—You are right in thinking that there are too many old men in the Church. So, at eighty-one, you are retiring.

The trouble is, there's a grave lack of candidates for the priesthood. And, frankly, most of the young men being ordained are poor specimens.

I think this is due not merely to the inferior living offered to young priests, but to the absence of a challenging, fearless Christian policy.

So long as the Church allows its soul to moulder, so long will its body rot.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
London Gardens Society

GENTLEMEN,—From sunless yards, from window-boxes tended by the blind, from jam-jars in rooms where families suffer the distress of unemployment, come many of the exhibits in your annual show at the Horticultural Hall.

These lovely blooms are a tribute to the care bestowed on them by care-worn people. They are also living reminders of a revolution.

Thirty years ago few poor people kept gardens. Now Britain is a land of garden-lovers. And that is the happiest revolution ever recorded.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE LEE,
E. gineer-in-Chief, G.P.O.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Please explain.

Medical appointments in the Post Office were advertised in a medical journal on March 18. Next day was a Sunday.

Yet by the first post on Monday provincial applicants were informed that the jobs had been filled.

Do you wonder that doctors are writing to me suggesting that the lucky ones had "influence at court"?—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,

DEAR SIR,—You can't disguise unpleasant facts by honeyed words.

You deny that A.R.P. is a muddle. You talk soothingly of "orderly and continuous development of well-thought-out and carefully balanced plans."

Have you not read my exposures of the lunatic folly perpetrated all over the country by A.R.P. organisers?

Men rejected for defence work because they are "engaged in exempted occupations," even though they are out-of-work labourers.

Ex-Service applicants kept waiting for months; volunteers with specialist training turned away.

Gifts of ambulances refused, though private residents are asked to register their cars as makeshift ambulances. And so on to the point of infuriating nausea.

If you think that thousands of such complaints don't indicate a muddle, then I am willing to present you with an English dictionary.

And I warn you that, while you delay in providing deep bomb-proof shelters, while you allow local bodies to treat volunteers with contempt, while you allow widespread delay in training, you will fail to secure all the public defenders you need.

I am anxious to see our defences made secure. But I will not act as recruiting agent for a half-baked and half-hearted scheme.

Make it really orderly and fool-proof, Sir John, and you'll have no reason to hint at possible conscription.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE CHRYSTAL,
Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR,—When the occupants of some jerry-built houses light their gas fires, the people next door are half-choked by carbon monoxide fumes.

They cannot obtain satisfaction from the borough surveyor, the gas company or the builders. Even your Ministry declares itself powerless.

But these people are exposed to danger that might bring death. Is that not your business?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. W. OGILVIE,
Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR MR. OGILVIE,—So there will soon be no dance music until 11 p.m.—and then only on the National wave-length, for the Regional transmitter will be required at night for official purposes.

Don't think me a low-brow if I protest. I like classical as well as popular music, but I know that most listeners will resent being deprived of dance tunes in the interest of chamber music.

If you are to be restricted to one programme, let it cater for the majority instead of the small minority.—JOHN BULL.

Sir PHILIP GAME,
Commissioner, Metropolitan Police

DEAR SIR PHILIP,—Are you not tired of the utter imbecility of Britain's "defenders"? I am.

Your officers are scouring London for food defence plans stolen from a parked car. Three weeks ago, defence secrets were stolen from a car in Harley Street.

I wager that the people responsible wouldn't dream of leaving a girl friend's fur coat in an unattended car.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—A few weeks ago I rapped your knuckles for asking would-be officers if they played golf. Now take another rap.

A young man who applied for a short-term commission was asked why he did not join up five years ago, how many degrees there are in a right angle, and how many degrees in each angle of an equilateral triangle.

These he answered.

He was then asked the logarithm of 100. On failing to answer, he was told he could not be accepted!

Now, can *you* tell me off-hand the logarithm of 100?—JOHN BULL.

Councillor E. W. EVERS,
Wath Urban Council, Yorks

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—"Corrupt and wasteful"—these are some of the words applied to certain aspects of your council's administration by the Government auditor. I fear the same allegations could be brought against scores of councils.

You have proposed that you should all resign. Instead, a sub-committee is to examine the alleged irregularities, to which I drew attention some time ago.

Your way would be the more satisfactory and probably the more welcome to ratepayers. A pity that it cannot be insisted upon whenever such accusations are brought against an administration!—JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL, revealing "Lady Haldon's" sensational hoax, tells how

This Sham Peeress Borrowed an Heir

"The woman who calls herself Lady Haldon."

AN intriguing society announcement appeared in the national newspapers recently. It gave the astonishing news that:

A son was born the previous night to Lady Haldon, widow of the fourth Lord Haldon, at her country residence in the village of Toft, near Knutsford, Cheshire. Mother and child were both doing well.

Enquirers flocked round and were told by the secretary to Lady Haldon, "The baby is a fine boy. He weighs six pounds, and will be christened Lawrence Edward Broomfield Palk, his father's name."

Further, there was the statement that "The baby, of course, now becomes Lord Haldon."

Now this birth and peerage claim was all the more interesting because of the circumstances of the marriage of the late Lord Haldon.

When he died, seven months ago, in Westminster Hospital, London, he was believed to be a bachelor.

But at the funeral, a woman declared she was Lady Haldon. She had been married to Lord Haldon in Scotland two months before his death, she said.

It is this woman who, according to the newspapers, gave birth to a son and heir to the title on March 13.

Now John Bull will give the truth about this romantic secret marriage and the subsequent birth.

FIRST, THERE NEVER WAS ANY MARRIAGE.

AND SECOND, THERE NEVER WAS A CHILD BORN ON MARCH 13 TO THE WOMAN WHO CALLS HERSELF LADY HALDON.

The whole business is just a fantastic and deplorable attempt to delude the public.

By law, if a child was born to "Lady Haldon" the birth would have to be officially notified to the local health authorities within thirty-six hours of March 13.

No such notification has been made up to this day. Because "Lady Haldon's" baby was adopted.

Here is the real story, the story that goes behind the headlines:

In the second week of March, a Mrs. Evelyn Basford, wife of a labourer living at Middlewich, gave birth to a baby boy.

Mrs. Basford had agreed to the adoption of the child by a woman who was understood to be acting for a "Dr. Dudley Duff."

Promises were made that the child would have a comfortable home, and be well looked after.

The baby was handed over to the would-be adopter on the day after his birth. And the district nurse attending Mrs. Basford was amazed to find the child gone.

She told the mother that she had behaved wrongly in parting with a baby so young in such circumstances, and that a magistrate's order was necessary for a formal adoption.

Because she realised it was her duty the district nurse, quite properly, reported the matter to the police. Promptly they began to make enquiries.

Next step in the tangled mystery: *A strange woman* arrived at the Basford home and handed back the infant to his mother, together with a partly used tin of baby food. The woman departed hurriedly, muttering vague excuses.

About the time of this mysterious behaviour "Lady Haldon" and her companion secretary left the village of Toft. The house where they had been living was closed and deserted.

Messages were left in the village that "Lady Haldon" was ill and that she and her baby had had to be taken to a nursing home.

Police went to see Mrs. Basford at Middlewich. She was shown a photograph of an elderly woman.

"THAT," SAID MRS. BASFORD, "IS A PHOTO OF THE WOMAN WHO ARRANGED THE ADOPTION AND TOOK AWAY MY BABY."

It was the photograph of the reputed "Lady Haldon"—the reputed middle-aged mother of an heir to a peerage.

NOW we come to the question of the "marriage" of "Lady Haldon" and Lawrence Edward Broomfield Palk, fourth Baron Haldon, formerly a captain in the Royal Engineers, who died a penniless wastrel with two prison sentences to his discredit.

Friends of the late Lord Haldon were all greatly surprised at the announcement—after his death—by "Lady Haldon" that she was married to him.

Miss Irene Felix, who lives in a Camberwell, London, flat with an elderly father, was a close friend of Lord Haldon. When she first met him he was serving as a waiter in a Holborn hotel.

Later he was reduced to earning a precarious livelihood by addressing envelopes. He used to call on Miss Felix and ask for food.

Often he told her: "I will marry you when things get better."

But after the baron's death, the reputed "Lady Haldon" came out with her declaration, "I was his wife. I am Lady Haldon. We were married."

When she was questioned about the wedding her answers were never clear.

At one time she said that the marriage was arranged to take place at Westminster Cathedral, but the ceremony was cancelled because her trousseau dresses were not ready.

No arrangements for Lord Haldon's wedding at Westminster Cathedral were ever made.

LATER, "Lady Haldon" said that the wedding took place at Gretna before the blacksmith's forge, with Miss Isabella Blackett—her secretary—and a chauffeur as the necessary witnesses.

After which came another version to the effect that Mr. Rennison, the pseudo-Gretna Green blacksmith, had refused to marry them because they had not the requisite twenty-one days' Scottish domicile.

"So," said "Lady Haldon," "we got married by declaration at a Scottish hotel."

Well, even if this supposed Scottish marriage did take place—as "Lady Haldon" said it did last June—it would not have been legal.

Because at the time the wedding was alleged to have been "declared" divorce proceedings brought by "Lady Haldon" against a former husband had not been disposed of.

The decree was not made absolute until December 12 last!

Here are hard facts in the jungle of lies:

During her career this grey-haired woman has used a varied assortment of names. She calls herself "Lady Haldon" now, but she has been Lady Clive, Mrs. Clive, Lady Clive-Linwood, Mrs. Linwood, Lady Marcia Eldon, Lady Marcia Rickards, Dr. M. Ireland, and Mrs. Ireland.

DEBRETT AND ALL THE RECOGNISED REFERENCE BOOKS ARE SILENT ABOUT EVERY ONE OF HER TITLES.

When she was posing as "Lady Marcia Eldon" this foolish, egotistical woman was the wife of a man named Richards, an insurance branch office manager at Preston. Richards divorced her.

And on June 17, 1937, Norah Marcia Florence Richards, the divorced wife of Joseph Allan Richards (and now our reputed "Lady Haldon"), was married in the Westminster Register Office to Frederick George Clive Linwood.

Clive Linwood is well known in the West End of London. He claims to be related to the famous "Clive of India" family, and regards himself as legal heir to the title of Lord Clive. He has never endeavoured to establish that claim.

Friends in London call him familiarly "Lord Clive," and after the register office marriage the now "Lady Haldon" called herself "Lady Marcia Clive."

Linwood ran several London night clubs, most prominent of them being "The Mayfair," at which "Lady Marcia Clive" made frequent appearances.

HER marriage to Clive Linwood was not a success, and the divorce proceedings which terminated only last December were instituted.

Consequently there could not have been any effective marriage in Scotland—whatever "Lady Haldon" may say.

One more complication in this extraordinary story: "Lady Haldon" was not long ago calling herself "Dr. Ireland" and "Mrs. Ireland."

That induced a professional man living in the Midlands to issue a statement that she was not married to him, but had assumed his name "for business purposes."

That is enough to reveal this woman in her true colours. She is just a sham borrower of titles.

Choose the Right Road!

EASTER almost here and hikers, cyclists and motorists are ready for the start of another great open-air season.

But the face of Britain's countryside is changing fast. Now there are housing estates where once cattle lazed in the meadows; by-passes have swallowed up straggling lanes; famous landmarks have disappeared. It is not easy to choose the right road.

And so, on pages 4 and 5 John Bull announces this week a splendid presentation of Road Maps covering Great Britain for every reader practically as a gift.

They are the latest to be made and published, printed in full colours and reproduced from the Ordnance Survey by permission of the Stationery Office.

Never before has there been such a need for authentic, up-to-date information. And all road-users will find these John Bull maps invaluable.

Trunk roads, by-passes, main roads, "A" roads, "B" roads and unclassified roads are all marked.

So are ferries, dangerous gradients and picturesque roads.

Mileages between important towns are clearly shown. So detailed are the markings that you get all the thrills of the open air as soon as you look at the map!

There's sure to be a huge demand. So hurry! This gift is open to readers only so long as the supply of maps lasts.

Let's see what the map says!

And as this is the only opportunity readers of John Bull will have of participating in the gift, don't risk disappointment. Turn now to pages 4 and 5 and post the reservation forms *at once*.

Behind every bloodless Nazi Conquest there has been the grim hidden hand of—

HITLER'S VAMPIRE LEGION

IN the last fateful twelve months Germany has been hypnotising the world with a new technique of conquest.

Austria, Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia and Memel have been seized in bloodless victory.

The map of Europe is being changed by what seem to be the swiftest hammer-strokes in history.

We little realise how many years of world-wide, subterranean planning and penetration have gone to each of those bloodless victories. . . .

We certainly don't realise that those field-grey legions who overrun a country are not the victors at all—that the credit, if credit it can be called, must go to a legion of whom we never hear.

That legion begins its work in a country long before a German uniform is seen there.

It hunts out what Goebbels calls a pimple—such a minor social eruption as any country might have.

It scratches that pimple on the principle that a pimple, inflamed, will poison the body politic, and cause seething national disorder.

And then the Nazis step in just in time to "save the country from Bolshevism"

LET us take you behind the scenes of this Vampire Legion —this regiment of "pioneers" who suck the blood of a nation before the final hammer-stroke is delivered.

It has headquarters in Stuttgart. It is known under the innocent title of the Institute of Germans Living Abroad.

Germans know it as a "cultural" branch of Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda — but Secret Services know it is the greatest propaganda machine the world knows, has ever known, is ever likely to know.

Its army in the field? It is contained in a card-index known as the German World Migration Register.

A German girl coming to Britain to work as a governess is at once put in that register.

So are details concerning her employer, and much other information that she is bound to supply.

So, too, are the names of every descendant of any German who has left his native country in the last one hundred years, wherever in the world that descendant settled.

In Austria, Sudetenland and Czecho-Slovakia the Germans on its lists scratched the pimples that led to Germany taking over those countries "to save them from poisoning."

How are they working elsewhere?

In Palestine, Cairo and Baghdad I've many active representatives of the Stuttgart office, all distributing propaganda against Britain. In Syria they work against France.

OUR Secret Service in Palestine was puzzled, for a time, at the high technical skill shown by the Arabs in mining roads and dodging the booby traps set for rebels who planned to cut the oil-line across the desert.

But eventually it found the answer to the puzzle—Nazi teachings.

One of the countless ways in which those near-Eastern Germans were able to help their Stuttgart masters was in the production of "Mein Kampf" for the Arabs.

It has been produced to sell at anything from 1d. to 7½d. (three piastres). *But the table in which Hitler puts Arabs low in the list of racial values is one of many deletions.*

With perfect knowledge of Arab psychology, the cover bears Hitler's portrait, with the title "The Strongest Man in the World." The Arab has respect for physical or armed strength

In South Africa, the Stuttgart propaganda factory strives to teach the more die-hard type of Afrikander, who believes in keeping the native in his place, that he stands in line with the most powerful and cultured race in the whole world.

At the same time it teaches the native that the Nazis are tolerant, efficient, understanding.

In India most of the soldiers of Germany's hidden army are in German business houses.

Those German commercial men issue a German news-letter service to 263 Indian newspapers.

With the newsletter go the German advertisements, and the poorest of papers—it is to the poorest that the Germans appeal—are glad to publish it untouched.

When Goebbels speaks, the world listens. But the whispers of his secret legion are far more threatening to world peace

Those German "soldiers" in India are responsible for the whispering campaign that seeks to show Britain as decadent, Germany as dynamic—a campaign that is going on throughout the British Empire.

And all the time, the whole Empire over, these Germans are issuing pamphlets, some illustrated, describing atrocities by British troops.

Typical of these pictures is one issued to show the ruthlessness of British troops in Palestine.

It was taken during a tribal war between the Rualla and Shammar tribes *in Arabia* two generations back!

Not one of 300 such pictures purporting to illustrate British methods in Palestine was taken in Palestine at all!

Then there is unceasing propaganda in countries outside the Empire against Britain and the other democracies. It is even more vitriolic and unscrupulous than that within the Empire.

It has got to the grotesquely funny lengths of keeping the people of Copenhagen reminded—by whispering campaign—that Nelson bombarded Copenhagen!

EVERYWHERE, stories are told of British decadence and German resurgence, particularly in small countries, where Goebbels seeks to wean people from the idea that the weak must look to strong Britain for security.

There is bitter humour in a lot of this propaganda.

In France, for instance, there is a whispering campaign among religious people against "immoral politicians."

Blum's famous book on marriage —which was probably never meant to be taken seriously at all—is spotlighted in that campaign.

Underground, efforts are made to foment revolution. Not quite so deep underground, French workers are taught that a Jew-ridden America is trying to drive them to war with Roosevelt's gold.

There are different tactics for America, however.

In that country the Nazis are teaching that the Civil War was won because General Lee's army was mainly German, that a German was king of Spain when Columbus discovered America (which, in Nazi Law, gives Germans title to the American continent) and that nearly half the American population is of Germanic origin.

Actually, German soldiers fought against Lee. Charles V of Spain was half Spanish, half Austrian. And only 12 per cent. of U.S.A. population is of Germanic origin.

It doesn't matter to the Nazis. Their campaign in the United States is called the "Unser Amerika" (Our America) campaign.

AND millions of Germans living there, including some who cannot speak German, and had no interest in Germany until Hitler rose to power, have been so convinced that America belongs to the Fatherland that they are planning The Day.

More intensive still is the propaganda in South America. The people there are being taught that their only danger is from the United States. Openly, as well as by subterranean means, alliances with Spain and Portugal are urged.

There are 1,500 Nazi schools in those countries, maintained by Berlin: 150 German newspapers. In Brazil alone there are 87 district groups of the Nazi Party.

But let us get nearer home. Hitler knows that he must confine his hammer-strokes to Europe for many years yet.

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF GERMANS LISTED AT STUTTGART ARE IN RUMANIA, UNDERMINING CAROL'S AUTHORITY WITH FINANCE AND WHISPERING CAMPAIGNS.

Although not so far advanced, Nazi plans are following along the same lines in Switzerland, Holland and Belgium.

The Germans are sending specially picked students to the universities of her neighbours.

They are taught the new Nazi art of disguising espionage as science, before they leave Germany.

And all the time the Agitator Press Bureau—Rudolf Hess's own branch of Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry—is stirring up trouble in these countries. This is the technique:

"Fundamental aim must be to discredit conditions in the particular country," says official instruction No. 7.

"Life in Germany must be made to seem enviable by contrast. Democracy in the country must be pictured as on the verge of collapse, the masses beginning to get out of control. Then Nazism must be shown as the only remedy."

All over the world Germany's hidden legions go on scratching pimples. How widespread will be the rash before a cure is found?

CAUSE—
Years of Planning and a nation is poisoned . . .

& EFFECT

. . . Then overnight a people find themselve slaves

German troops arriving in Prague to take over Hitler's first European "colony"

I Saw the Death of a Nation . . .

The writer of this article arrived in this country only a few days ago, a refugee from Prague. To protect his friends there, he must remain anonymous; but we can tell you that he is NOT a Czech, although he has lived in Prague for years.

He has seen a nation grow—and seen it die. He writes for you to-day what will be in the history books of to-morrow.

THEY buried a man at Brno the other day, and on his tombstone they put these words:—

"He was born in Austria. He lived in Czechoslovakia. He died in Germany. But never did he leave Brno."

Those words are more than an epitaph of an individual. They are the epitaph of a nation.

As a young man at Prague, I saw that nation born. Six months ago, at the height of its virile youth, I saw it square its chest at the threat of invasion.

Still in Prague, I saw it sink into the helplessness of paralysis, and in that paralysis die.

To-day — wondering where to begin—I sit down to write its obituary

You would have loved the old Prague, gay Prague, if only for the sharpness of its contrasts. What bright new jewels there were in old settings!

Those twisting, turning, cobbled streets in the centre of Prague, as ancient-looking as the turreted skyline, housed the headquarters of industries that has grown up with a speed that astonished Europe.

You walked up old-world staircases to interview the ablest, most efficient and quickest-thinking business men to be found anywhere—the men who had put "Made in Czechoslovakia" on most of the shop-counters of the world.

AND such nights out! How working people crowded the cafeteria. What joy whole families found—the youngsters included—in the beer-cellars and gardens! How they laughed in the music-halls.

Ridiculously cheap coal, and the best at that. Cheap food—and, again, the best at that. All the gaiety they wanted.

I shall always console myself that they were happy while it lasted. . . .

It was not a city of hates, whatever German propaganda may have succeeded in teaching you. Not even did Slovaks—who always wanted an independence of sorts—hate Czechs, or vice versa.

They were a simpler people—too simple, using the word in the nice sense, to nurture ill - feeling, although, in the bitter end, the Nazis were able to inculcate hate in many of them.

That, then, was Czechoslovakia before its pioneer people realised that the dark, brooding eyes of Hitler were on them.

Almost as soon as that realisation came there came, too, the fear of invasion.

I don't like calling it fear. No, it was not fear. This young nation had confidence in its strength. It had confidence, too, in its friends. What had it to be afraid of?

You know what followed.

What was this? Hitler suggesting a surgical operation on their country and suggesting that it would be for the good of Czechoslovakia? And Britain and France—their friends—regretfully acquiescing?

A frenzy of anger shook the country. It was ever more intensive against Britain and France than against Nazi Germany. But what could it do?

A Samson cannot resist being carried to the operating-table when his friends assist in the carrying.

What changes I saw in the days that followed.

It was winter. The Czechs wanted coal, Czech coal, coal that had always been so cheap.

They couldn't understand that the mines were their mines no longer—that they had to import the products of those mines now from Germany at a fancy price.

THEY sought food—the good food that the Slovaks had raised for them so plentifully and cheaply.

But Germany's demands had to be met first. There wasn't much to spare for Czechoslovakia. And what there was was cruelly dear.

The German frontiers were so rearranged that they cut Czech main lines again and yet again. "It's a nice thing when you can't travel about your own country," said my puzzled friends.

Terrifying rumours surged through the country. The Slovaks had turned against the Czechs. "They have never spoken like that before," said the Czechs.

The Bohemians and Moravians were up in arms. "Their only squabbles with Prague before have been about school education," said the same astonished citizens.

They felt the whole world had turned against them.

They did not know by what special process Nazi Germany starts dissension wherever it wants it.

Life in Prague struggled along, the problems becoming intensified every day.

In anger, Czech employers sacked their Germans. So German employers sacked their Czechs.

SHOPS and factories began to close —and Czechoslovakia had always thought in terms of opening businesses, not of closing them.

The electricity bills came in. They were preposterous. My own friends are not poor people, but they couldn't meet them.

"We are buying our current from Germany, now, at Germany's own prices," I told them. "They have got our power stations. They want our money as well, so we've got to pay."

Our Czechoslovakian glassware, our scientific instruments, all the things we had been so proud to make —they were described as "Made in Germany" now! We had to pay more for them because they had been taken from us!

Germany was fighting a new kind of war. There were still people of spirit in Czechoslovakia, but of this sort of warfare they knew nothing.

More rumours. The German army was going to march in. Round about the end of March, said the whisperers. Prague's hotels began to fill with refugees—her empty houses and unwanted castles as well.

Came the official announcement that there were 186,000 refugees in the country, 19,000 of them Germans hostile to Nazi rule, 15,000 of them Jews, the vast majority of them Czechs who had fled from Sudetenland.

The railway stations were crowded with people desperately anxious to leave the country.

The nation found the standing army of a million fine men reduced to 100,000. A huge block of office buildings began to rise in Prague—and the people were fools who didn't know that local Germans were building it as a Nazi Brown House.

On March 6 the country seemed so completely under the domination of Germany that most people thought nothing new could happen.

But I didn't think so. I believed the rumours that said the German Army was going to march.

I remembered the house in Svepravice, just outside Prague, where hundreds of German intellectuals were housed—many of whose lives Nazi Germany craved.

What would happen to them?

ONE night, when Prague was trying its hardest to look its old self, the German Army began to march.

There was no opposition. Samson had been bereft of his locks. A hypnotised country watched helplessly the progress of the field-grey tide.

People who knew their lives might be forfeit moved before that wave. One train laden with wanted people mercifully moved just ahead of the German Army—reached Prague just ahead of the troops.

The porters who opened the doors of that train were sobbing.

Many of the fugitives were able to catch the 9.55 a.m. train from Prague to Paris. It was the last chance, for an hour later even aeroplanes had been stopped.

The occupants of the refugee train cringed in their seats. Years of persecution mania had reached its climax.

I will not disguise how I escaped. I made for Germany. If you walk into the danger you are not suspect. I was out of Germany again within two days.

And so I was in at the death of Czechoslovakia, proud country that believed it had accumulated a thousand years of tradition in one generation.

My last memory of those proud people?—how can I express it?

THE UNDESIRABLE ALIENS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA TO-DAY ARE THE CZECHS WHO BUILT IT WITH THEIR BLOOD AND SWEAT.

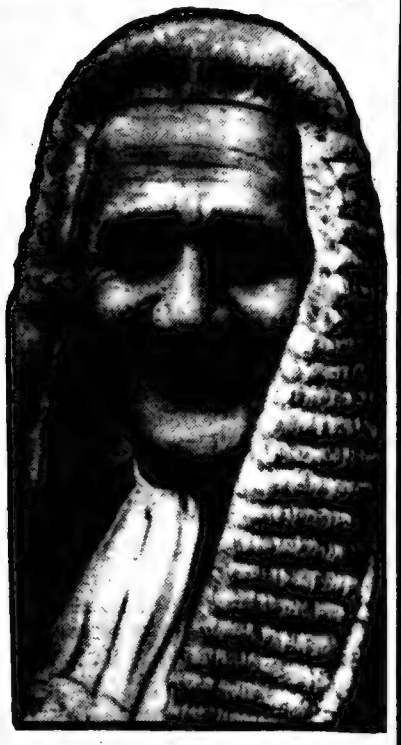
Master-Crook Jailed but Scores Carry On

Sir Wyndham Childs'

The "King" of legal-aid racketeers went to prison last week. In revealing his methods, I call for Government action to protect the public against the scores of similar crooks still at large—and still collecting thousands in the name of the law.

One gang cleared £30,000 in a year!

JACKALS of the LAW



Judge Whiteley let Dennis off with a light sentence because of his age

ALFRED DENNIS, or Ashby Dennis, as he usually called himself, was seventy-five.

His age saved him from a much heavier sentence than eighteen months' imprisonment.

The eleven charges of fraud and false pretences to which he pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey were merely a random selection from the carefully planned racket behind which he has hidden for years.

But the facts disclosed in even those few offences should be sufficient to convince the authorities of the urgent need for drastic law reform to sweep away these jackals of the great legal profession.

There are hundreds of them and they rove the country in all manner of guises deluding and cheating comparatively poor people wholesale.

DENNIS, MONARCH OF THEM ALL, HAD SPECIALISED RECENTLY IN ROBBING MEN AND WOMEN WHO WANTED A DIVORCE.

He chose local newspapers for his snare advertisements which generally read: "Free legal advice regarding divorce proceedings. Apply Legal and General Aid Society, 24, Holborn, London, W.C."

THE experience of an Acton motor-driver is typical of what followed.

His letter to the Society brought along Mr. Dennis, suave, benign, and impressive.

Under his magic persuasiveness the fiction of free advice was skilfully limbered into the background, but even so, the unsuspecting motor driver imagined he would be saved considerable expense by the proposition made to him.

It would be perfectly easy, the charming Mr. Dennis assured him. No doubt at all about the divorce, and the total cost would be only £70—"far less, you know, than you would have to pay if you went direct to a solicitor."

Then, too, there would be the added advantage that he could pay by instalments.

Shortly afterwards there came a letter from the Society, signed "J. H. Howe, Secretary," saying private investigators had made their report and the case would be taken through the High Court for the sum agreed upon.

A request was made for £20 to cover initial fees and expenses and a cheque for this amount was sent.

Later a further £20 was asked for and paid. In the end the total payments amounted to £73.

Now come behind the scenes and see what this old crook Dennis was doing.

HE did not even approach a solicitor until nearly four months after he first saw the Acton man.

Then he asked the solicitor if he could carry through a divorce case for £25!

Actually, after a delay of another two months, Dennis merely paid £5 to the solicitor who then filed a divorce petition, the cost of which was 12s. 6d.

Eventually the motor driver client got in touch with the solicitor and sent him £5 to meet expenses.

When Dennis heard of this he wrote stressing that, as the financial side was in the hands of the Society, all money must be paid to them.

Sir Edmund R. Cook, Secretary of the Law Society, whose representative was in court to hear about the racket

The man never obtained his divorce, and Dennis just pocketed all but £10 of the money paid.

Easy money for a rascal—and Dennis has raked in a big sum in that way.

It was only one department of his roguery, though.

There was another rich harvest from plundering victims of accidents of a large part of the compensation due to them.

HIS TOUTS SWOOPED LIKE CARRION BIRDS ON THE INJURED PEOPLE OR THEIR RELATIVES.

Misled by the title of Dennis's sham concern they signed a form, the wording of which is seldom understood properly, only to find that they had been filched of most of the money claimed on their behalf.

That is chief stock-in-trade of all of these legal racketeers, and it is the side of their activities which is the most disgraceful feature of the whole scandal.

Solicitors have been forbidden by the Law Society to handle accident claim cases for these vultures, but their cunning has discovered ways of getting round the ban in its present form.

The ease with which this scoundrel Dennis continued his scavenging and flourished right up to his recent arrest shows how many loopholes there are and how imperative it is to have a searching re-examination of the entire position.

Not only was he a notorious legal faker, but he was a jailbird and has been bankrupt since 1934!

He scoffed at that little handicap by using dummies to register his concerns.

Latest of them was a man named James Henry Howe. He foolishly allowed the Legal and General Aid Society to be registered in his name, and when the police discovered the subterfuge they satisfied themselves that Howe really had nothing to do with the shady business transacted.

Dennis was fined £50 under the Business Names Act, and it was then that detectives began to unearth the frauds that placed him in the dock at the Old Bailey.

He was first in the hands of the police as far back as 1903.

Twelve months was his sentence then for false pretences. Later he went back for five years—penal servitude this time, for larceny and false pretences.

Even that did not cure him. It was not long before he was given another term of imprisonment for fraudulent conversion of money, and still another fifteen months for a similar offence in 1934.

RIGHT at the beginning he concentrated on grabbing fees from people who were seeking houses, flats or apartments, and never found the accommodation he promised.

From that he switched to the employment-with-investment ramp, and then he began the long career which made him a king of legal racketeers.

From that all-embracing camouflage he has not stopped at any trick, however mean, to cheat anyone he could with callous ruthlessness.

SOME, IMAGINING THEY WERE DEALING WITH THE NICE OLD MAN HE LOOKS, HAVE LENT HIM MONEY.

One woman who was duped in this way figured in the charges to which he pleaded guilty last week.

She answered an advertisement: "Gentleman would like to meet lady with small means."

It turned out to be Dennis, and he borrowed £45 from her. The money, he said, was to help him in his work for the Society which, he professed, helped poor people who could not afford legal costs!

And his nameplate — Legal and General Aid Society — sounded so genuine and reliable.

That is why there must be a new and rigid law to abolish completely this shameless mask for every crook who cares to turn his hand to the profitable game.

MOST of them already in the racket cloak their activities with the name legal aid something-or-other.

They pose as important organisations, but are, in fact, nothing more than spiders' webs spun from the merest apologies for offices—often not more than one room.

When one of my representatives looked up one of these concerns a short time ago he located the office only after considerable difficulty.

It was hidden away at the top of a building and there, as the sole controller of this high-sounding society, sat an old man in a room only a few feet square.

On a shelf behind his chair were some papers which looked as if they had not been touched for years.

Yet the literature issued conveyed the impression that the organisation was large and important.

It is a fairly representative picture of the cubby-holes in which these men work, but nevertheless the rogues make a great deal of money.

ONE man and his confederates are known to have cleared in a year a cool £30,000, fleeced from the compensation obtained for accident victims.

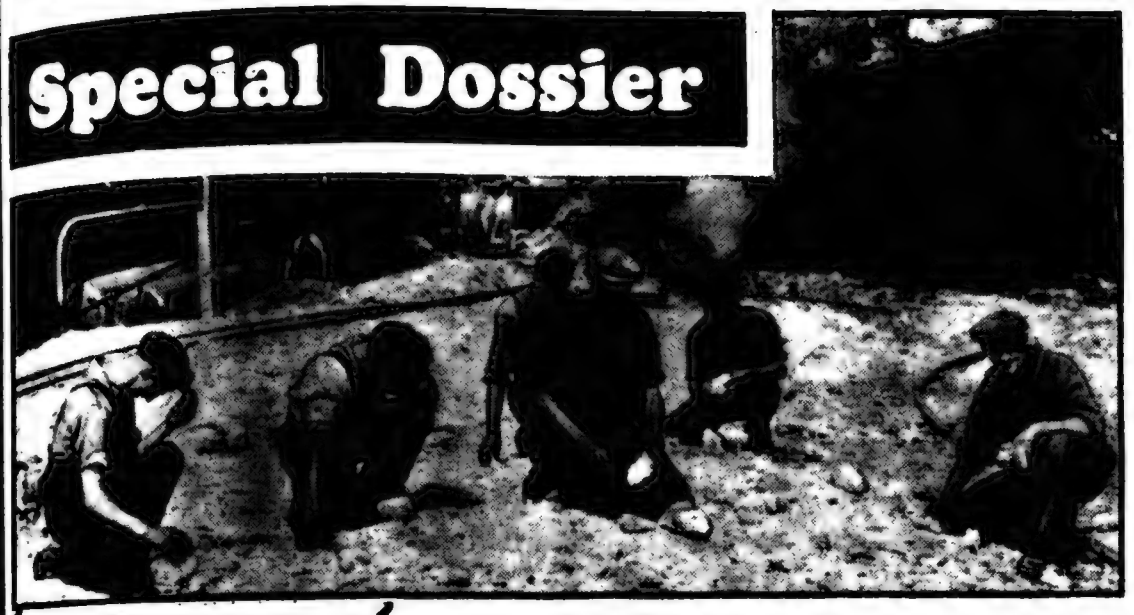
And it was all done from the same hole-and-corner kind of office.

They are able to keep up the bluff because nearly all the people who are foolish enough to entrust them with their affairs seldom, if ever, see their offices.

Most of the preliminary work is done outside or at the homes of clients by the legions of touts employed.

And so it will go on until the Law Society makes up its mind to stamp out these parasites by tightening up its own rules and securing new legislation.

Special Dossier



The picture above shows men searching for gold in Carmarthenshire on the site of an old mine believed to have been worked by the Romans.

News of gold in Wales has frequently gone out like a Klondyke tocsin call, but no one has grown rich overnight, or, in fact, over many years.

So I advise great caution by those who may be tempted to invest in the Graigwen Goldfields, Ltd., of Dolgelley, Merionethshire.

It is a private company with authorised capital of £30,000 in £1 shares.

Shareholders are restricted to fifty and 20,000 shares have been allotted to members of a family named Michaeliones for the right to use land where the gold is being sought.

65,000 Victims in Snowball Bluff

OUT of 88,899 people who entered a coupon trading scheme run by a man in Glasgow, 65,000 failed to obtain the prizes offered.

Profits were more than £4,000!

This amazing revelation, made when the promoter, George Muir, of Raeberry Street, Glasgow, was fined under the Lotteries Act, shows how justified have been my constant warnings about these something-for-nothing myths.

"Five shillings worth of cigarettes or tobacco for 4d." was Muir's tempting bait.

Of course, it was the usual rigmarole—send 1s. 4d. for four coupons, sell them to your friends, they in turn buy more coupons to sell to their friends, and so on.

Money poured in from all over the British Isles, and the total traced was £5,926.

Only £1,562 had been spent on prizes, so that, apart from small overhead expenses, the balance was profit.

When the police intervened it was found that Muir's real name was Malcolm Johnson.

Disillusioned readers are still writing to me, but I am afraid they will just have to regard their loss in the light of buying experience.

The premises from which Muir or Johnson operated are closed and hundreds of people have been there enquiring for him.

A new variation of the same kind of stunt has just reached me.

D. R. Dickinson, trading as Everybody's Sales Company, of Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, flourishes "£48 16s. 3d. for 1s. 6d." as his blandishment.

* * *

Those who buy a fountain pen for 1s. 6d. are given order forms with an index number. These they are expected to pass to friends and when they buy a pen the original purchaser is credited with so many points.

It is all very complicated. Somewhere, balanced giddily on a vast pyramid of points, is the glittering bonus.

Anyone who bothers with any of these preposterous schemes is just asking for disillusion—and probably a headache into the bargain.

You Have Been Warned!

"EARN £10 per week," advertised New Art Products, of Oxford Road, Ealing, London, in offering, for 5s., samples of novelties showing 100 per cent. profit.

Later another address in Ealing was given, but both seem to have been used merely to grab remittances from those who answered the advertisement.

The man behind it, who gave the name of Robinson, has disappeared, but beware of similar snares he may set elsewhere.

* * *

MEANEST new trick is being exploited by men who find out the names of parents with sons in the Army or Navy.

Representing themselves as friends in the same barracks or depot, they call and explain that the son, shortly expecting leave, has the chance of buying a civilian suit cheaply.

In this way they have obtained money in many cases.

One gang has been particularly active in the Bolton, Lancashire, district.

* * *

CAPTAIN MARLEIGH LUDLOW, of Sheen Road, Richmond, Surrey, claims to be a triple wizard.

He can sell you a witch ball, read your horoscope, and tip the winners—if you are foolish enough to waste your money on him.

* * *

ANOTHER man who seems to be able to do pretty nearly everything is George B. Mason, of Winchester Street, South Shields.

Metaphysician, clairvoyant and psycho-therapeutist are just a few of the titles he gives himself, but even the dustbin is too good for the disgusting books he tries to sell.

Trying to frighten people with garbled horrors of premature burial, he calmly suggests that all doubt could be removed by consulting George B. Mason.

* * *

NATHAN GORDON, the Manchester "bankrupt-stock merchant" who puzzles customers by juggling his addresses, has now moved to 261, Stockport Road.

He would save people a lot of trouble if he gave up trading—at least by the methods he uses.

* * *

LATEST of the Indian eye quacks bobbing up all over the country is Nabi Bux.

He is at Brighton, and is advertising the usual magic treatment handed down from father to son in his family.

You shouldn't need particularly wonderful eyesight to see through his dangerous nonsense.

* * *

BEWARE of plausible men purporting to represent a new laundry offering to do the first week's washing for nothing.

Many housewives round Islington, London, jumped at the offer, and now wish they could trace the sheets, shirts, blankets and curtains they sent.

* * *

NOTE carefully the address, 8, Hammersmith Broadway, London, from where, as I revealed recently, misleading postal courses are offered.

In addition to those I mentioned I find Mary Monroe's beauty treatment is being sent out in the same mass-produced way.

* * *

DON'T bother with a correspondence course in hypnotism and mesmerism being offered for two guineas by the Paris College of Psychology.

There are all kinds of dangers in meddling with things like this.

Trapped—at Last

QUITE the most cunning trade trickster I ever remember has at last been laid low.

Francis Fearon, formerly of Newry, was the description given him when he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment at Down (Northern Ireland) Assizes for fraud.

It is more than eight years since I first denounced him for posing as a long-established tradesman and obtaining goods from various firms by a score of ruses.

Most of the concerns he duped were in this country, and it is astonishing how he managed to escape payment.

Having obtained these goods for which he never intended to pay he sold them far below their value.

Now he has been trapped I hope he will never again be allowed to cheat honest traders.

Darby and Joan Parted by Law

IN East Suffolk an old shepherd named Arthur Smy and his wife are looked on as a Darby and Joan.

They are both seventy-two years old, have been happily married for more than half a century, and for seventeen years they have worked hard on their small holding in Fessingfield Road, near Wingfield.

Ploughing in his field one morning the old man was suddenly confronted by a policeman, who whisked him off to Norwich Jail.

What for? Simply because he wanted to cling to a cottage that has been condemned by the local authorities.

Actually he was arrested because he had not paid a fine of £10 inflicted on him last July, when he refused to quit the cottage.

Twice since then he had been before the magistrates to show cause why he had not paid, and he was warned that if he did not do so he would be committed to prison for a month.

But his wife assures me he could not pay.

When he bought his smallholding with his savings after years of hard work as a shepherd he had to take over five cottages to obtain one in which he himself could live.

All the return he received was a rent of 3s. a week inclusive of rates for the four other cottages.

Then last July three of them were condemned, though I am assured they are in as good condition as scores of similar dwellings in the neighbourhood.

When the occupants were moved out he and his wife went to live in one of the cottages which the authorities decreed must be demolished.

* * *

He fought hard to keep them and, in desperation, asked if they could be retained as store places.

That was refused, and he was told to pull down the cottages at his own expense without a penny of compensation.

Now he has had to suffer imprisonment, too!

Public Benefactor

This week the £1 1s. goes to Mrs. E. J. Wilson, of 20, Alton Street, Far Cotton, Northampton, for promptly furnishing a new clue to a crook.

Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

"£1 for 4d." is His Bait

"WANTED—thousands and thousands of ordinary used stamps," advertises A. Lewis and Co., of Edward Street, Brighton.

Maybe, but what A. Lewis—he is all of the company—really wants are fees. Thousands of thousands if he can get them.

His impudent racket starts with a request for 1s. 3d. for "simple instructions."

A fairly hefty price for one stereotyped sheet merely stating what he is supposed to be ready to buy!

With it comes an offer of "a genuine £1 pound note for 4d." if you can draw fourteen straight lines on a sheet of paper.

But another 4d. in stamps is required for details!

In the same envelope there is a further offer of the seven secrets of life for 2s. 6d.

* * *

When I tell you that the only outward sign of Mr. Lewis's stupendous busines is a timorous display of used stamps stuck on pieces of cardboard in the window of a small eating-house you will realise how saucy he is.

He and his ramps should be bundled out of Brighton.

The Man of the MOMENT

Hannen Swaffer's Who's Who

IN Britain there are only three aristocrats who lead in any department of human activity. Lord Halifax is one of them. The other two are Lord Cecil and Winston Churchill.

Of Lord Halifax it may also be said that his character is such that all Parties hold him in high esteem.

No one has ever suspected his motives. No one has ever accused him of ambition. To him, public duties are Service.

In fact, he represents all that is best in traditional Toryism.

As Viceroy of India his idealistic work for a settlement will long be remembered. He made people wonder when, landing at Bombay, he went straight to church.

His approaches to Gandhi went far beyond the habit of Delhi. Reporters waiting for news of their conference were informed by a secretary, "I cannot disturb them. They're discussing St. Luke in the original Greek!"

One can say, too of Halifax's five years in India, that he served the Labour Government, which took office after his appointment, as loyally as he served the Tories who had sent him to India.

HIS trouble was with the hidebound Officialdom that strangled everything.

Yes, everyone admires Halifax. But for his peerage he might be first in the line of succession to the Premiership.

He has behind him the solid backing of the landed classes and the Church, for he is a devout Anglo-Catholic, the son of the Lord Halifax who devoted years of his long life to work for union between Canterbury and Rome.

Not only as Chancellor of Oxford, but in himself, he represents Learning.

Few men who have been Viceroy of India, almost worshipped by millions, have, when returning to England, taken any large share in politics. The isolation of their position as the King's deputy unfits them for debate and public argument.

But Halifax, after the successive failures of Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare and Anthony Eden, consented, at Neville Chamberlain's suggestion, to go to the Foreign Office.

Going there, he already possessed an almost unexampled training—years of experience in the Colonial Office, the Board of Education (where he had twice been President) and the War Office, where, for two years, he was Secretary of State.

He had for three years been Leader of the House of Lords, and he had, when filling the nominal duties of Lord Privy Seal and Lord President of the Council, more or less a roving commission.

He had brains. Not "popular"—he is too detached for that—but deeply respected, he promised to redeem many of the mistakes of his predecessors.

Behind his death's-head face there was a mind and a character. He is not really as gloomy as he looks.

Well, first Simon had gone from the Foreign Office because of his terrible blunders over Manchukuo and his failure to stop, at Stresa, Mussolini's invasion of Abyssinia.

Hoare went next because, behind the back of the League of Nations, he tried to do a private deal with Laval.

Eden—well, he was sacked because Mussolini did not like him. Our foreign policy, when he fell, was actually being dictated to us by foreigners!

Now, as I write these words, Lord Halifax may be having his first real chance. The failure of Neville Chamberlain's appeasement policy should free him from being, as Foreign Minister, merely the Premier's office-boy.

There have been, for months, two Foreign Offices—one in its usual place and the other at 10, Downing Street.

And there have been two Foreign Ministers—Neville Chamberlain in the House of Commons, the important place, where you heard the voice, and Lord Halifax in the House of Lords, where you caught only the echo.

MIND you, Halifax's European adventures have not been, so far, a success—that is, on the few occasions when he has been allowed to embark on one.

For instance, he went, if you remember, to Germany with the avowed object of visiting a hunting exhibition. Actually, he left his own head on the walls as Hitler's latest trophy.

He came back with news that Hitler was, oh, so friendly!

But Hitler had kidded him, and, before long, had walked into Austria at the very moment when Von Ribbentrop, who had sent home word that in no circumstances would Britain fight, was having lunch with Neville Chamberlain, not saying a word about it.

When another Push was threatened, this time against the Czechs, Neville really took control himself. He flew three times to Germany, and came back with Hitler's pledged word, perfectly satisfied.

Now, if we are to believe those who usually know, Halifax had very serious doubts about all this. So, we are told, had many of Chamberlain's colleagues.

But in the universal cheers that greeted the "Man of Peace" all warnings were silenced.

WELL, the rude awakening has come. Chamberlain is almost a self-admitted failure.

He went, unexpectedly, to a reception at the Russian Embassy—yes, after we had for years ignored or insulted the Soviet Government and all that it stood for.

Then Halifax invited Maisky to lunch.

Then, after another Hitler drive, Russia took a lead and suggested a nine-Power conference.

Then even J. L. Garvin, who, ever since the war, has been pouring contempt on Russia, wrote: "There is, in fact, no firmer ally than Russia, in the defence of freedom."

What a sudden change!

Lord Halifax will now find behind him, in his new task of lining up what remains of Democracy, the good will of us all, whatever our politics.

It is all seven years too late.

In these hours of changed viewpoints, of clinging to the wreckage of what was once the seaworthy ship of Collective Security, I cannot but recall with some self-satisfaction how, at a hundred meetings up and down the land, I have said in the last seven years, "Sooner or later we shall have to get back to Collective Security."

It began to sound a platitude. Now, suddenly, it has become national policy!

Unfortunately, we have returned to it not as a far-sighted policy, but because of our despair.

"Corrective security," I would call it now.

I wonder what Lord Halifax's private thoughts have been during these last few months! Neville Chamberlain, ever since Munich, has considered that he was the only man who understood what should be done.

Foreign Office advisers warned him, but in vain. Obstinately, he clung to the appeasement plan.

People have come from Germany telling how a stand against Hitlerism would, they thought, split the German people.

Some people in the Foreign Office believed this. Chamberlain still refused.

Lord Halifax—by George Whitelaw

Month after month he was warned in the House. Always, he refused to listen. And Lord Halifax, the office-boy, seemed to be merely doing what he had done told.

It was, indeed, a sad position for a man who had been, as Viceroy of India, the most exalted being next to the King in the British Commonwealth.

Day after day, last week, I saw him in the entourage of the French President, prominent in the big ceremonies, a slight smile lighting up the grimness of his melancholy face.

Yet I always asked myself, when I saw him, "What is going on behind the scenes? What do Halifax and Bonnet talk about when they are alone? Are they visualising the end of Democracy or its re-birth?"

We saw only the public show. On the private decision—Russia or No Russia?—the future of the world may depend.

"Greatest of These"

SOLDIERS have never learnt to ask for sympathy. When the anguish of unemployment is added to the infirmities they suffer for the country's welfare they still keep silent. It should not be so. Let us this week speak for workless Mr. J. George.

Mary

Arrears of rent are continuously worrying him, and a distress notice has just been sent. He is an ex-Serviceman receiving 8s. per week pension. Eight shillings a week! Through illness he has been unemployed for many months, and has now only transitional benefit to maintain his wife and family of four.

His two sons, seventeen and fifteen years old, have been ill and are also unemployed; the other two children are under five.

Fifteen shillings weekly rent makes a big hole in the Georges' meagre income. The priest of their parish recommends them for assistance. Extra nourishment is badly needed, he says.

Can you help? Subscriptions should be earmarked *Mary* (that is the name of Mr. George's daughter shown here) and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments will be sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of donations are kept at the JOHN BULL office, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

We gratefully acknowledge: "Walsall Mother" 10s.; Poor Grimbarian, 2s.

Britain's Defences Have Been Rebuilt During SIX MONTHS HARD LABOUR

Huge quantities of anti-aircraft guns are now streaming from the factories

FLUNG back to the dark days of tension that preceded Munich the people of Britain have been asking in the last few days—"What have we done with the six months' breathing-space?"

"How far have we set our defences in order in that period of grace?"

JOHN BULL will answer those questions. The facts are not easy to collate from the mass of material produced in Parliament and from the statements of the Service departments.

And we are not going to pretend they are the *whole* facts. "Public interest" often stifles good news as well as bad. But what there is—*is* good.

First, the Navy. . . .

BEFORE September, Admiralty pigeon-holes were stuffed with "dry-docked" plans for the Fleet. Ships announced in naval programmes as far back as 1935 still existed only on drawing-boards, or in the minds of their designers.

Shipbuilders were pleading for orders and lobbying the House of Commons for more Admiralty activity.

For a big proportion of the forty-three ships added to the Navy during the past year (according to Mr. Shakespeare's statement during the Estimates Debate) you can thank the September crisis.

By the beginning of May one new battleship, the *Prince of Wales;* one cruiser, the *Bonaventure;* two super destroyers, *Kashmir* and *Kandahar;* one aircraft carrier, *Illustrious*—will have been launched.

In addition thirty vessels will have been completed for service, including two cruisers and the last four of the big Tribal class of destroyers.

Another sixty vessels have been planned and passed. Super-destroyers of the Lightning class (nearly 2,000-tonners with heavy armament and doing more than thirty knots) have been laid down. Their numbers are secret.

Forty older vessels are being reconditioned. Add a host of smaller ships, including minelayers, motor torpedo-boats, twenty escort vessels for food transport, and the dozens of "medium" destroyers on the stocks.

Then it is clear that the wind which blew out of Munich blew most of the past year's lethargy out of the Admiralty.

Huge as this output is, compared with the results of previous years' programmes, it will be, and can be, doubled or trebled if Hitler denounces the Anglo-German Naval Agreement.

OTHER Fleet rearmament developments have kept pace with the mere building orders. Heavy gun production has accelerated to twenty times the output before the Nazi shadow fell across the world. Armour-plate output is up tenfold.

The submarine menace, implicit in Germany's recent announcement to build up to the full allotted *tonnage* under the Anglo-German Agreement (which means, bluntly, a large number of *small* U-boats) is countered by new secret research methods for submarine detection.

These methods have been perfected by Admiralty scientists during the past year.

We have Mr. Shakespeare's word for it—in his statement during the Naval Estimates Debate—that this situation is well in hand. Scores of new vessels, besides about half the flotilla leaders and destroyers of war-time type have been fitted out for anti-submarine work.

And if we have got the ships we have got the men, too; 18,000 officers and men entered the Navy in 1938. After September the curve of recruitment and of entrance rose steeply. It continues that way. . . .

What of the Army? What has it done to live down the blaze of well-deserved criticism which followed the revelations after the autumn crisis?

In six months we have added five anti-aircraft divisions. Now there are seven. The War Office has taken 75,000 officers and men into the Territorial A.A. units in the past year, most of them during the post-crisis period.

It is a huge task to absorb so vast a number of men, and to solve all the problems of supplying weapons and equipment in so short a time and under peace conditions. Yet it has been done. For the first time all Territorial units are above establishment.

MOST OF THE CRITICISMS REGARDING DEFICIENCIES OF WEAPONS AND EQUIPMENT ARE A LONG WAY TOWARDS BEING OUT OF DATE.

MR. HORE-BELISHA has stated that every medium and heavy battery and all searchlight companies are now fitted with full complement of equipment as in the Regular Army.

"Huge quantities" of the famous Swedish 44-mm. light A.A. gun have been bought and are in continual production in this country.

The Bren gun, which gives infantry units great advantages over forces equipped only with service rifles and old-style machine-guns, is now, after all the bitter delays, also in full production.

Actual numbers are secret. Mr. Hore-Belisha speaks of "many thousands" which are being turned out and mentions that every battalion is now completely equipped with this weapon.

SINCE September the entire organisation and plans of the Army have been changed. There is to be an Expeditionary Force of nineteen divisions, as distinct from the A.A. divisions for home defence and the Near East.

All plans for transport and supply (a vastly more complicated problem than in 1914) have been worked out to the smallest detail.

To-day, according to official estimates, we can count on the immediate mobilisation of 500,000 men in the event of hostilities, and their full provision in war state. That is a vastly different position from six months ago.

To achieve this preparedness money as well as labour has been poured out freely at short notice. Our present Army, which includes all military establishments, costs £870 a head.

But none who know the efforts now being made can deny that it is money well spent.

But we get the fullest measure of the benefits of the "breathing-space" when we look at the achievements of the Air Arm and its associated industries.

To-day all five "shadow factories" are in full production, in mass concentration on fixed type machines like the Blenheim and Battle bombers.

And of those the least that can be said is that they are equal to any aircraft of their class in the world.

Last summer none of these factories was in "full production." And many factories which are necessary offshoots of aircraft building were not much more than waist-high in brick courses off the ground.

Actual output figures are Britain's closest secret, but, according to expert estimates, our aircraft production has at least *quadrupled* since last September. Sir Kingsley Wood officially states that our first line aircraft strength is about 1,750.

First line aircraft are those which must be replaced with similar types after casualties. Lord Trenchard has said that nearly 100 per cent. casualties can be expected within the first month of a war.

A three months' reserve is a bare minimum, which gives a total of over 6,000 first line machines.

AND while no complete figures of air strength and output have been disclosed in this country, it is interesting to note that American and French experts writing in the aircraft journals in *their* countries are openly stating, with reasoned arguments, that Britain's production is rapidly reaching the war-time peak of 3,000 machines a month.

THOSE ESTIMATES CAN BE SET AGAINST THE GUESSES ABOUT GERMANY'S HUGE AIR SUPERIORITY WHICH HAVE BEEN THE PUBLIC'S DAILY NEWSPAPER DIET FOR THE PAST YEAR.

We know that the nation's air strength in production of every kind—factories, engines, training schools and "ground organisation"—must be at least five times as great as last summer.

Whatever change the next few weeks bring in the international situation, we must be grateful to the man who gave us six months to rebuild our strength, six months to work for a lasting peace.

In that time the nation's technical experts have been working quietly and swiftly. They have, in the business style, "delivered the goods."

Can Peace and Liberty be saved? declares that Britain must act quic if she is to solve the—

World's Greatest Riddle

Where will he strike next?

I HAVE been asked this week, from quarters which I respect, to clear a path through the multitudinous counsels of the moment and to suggest the line of action this country should pursue in the present crisis.

It is a large order, but I will fulfil it to the best of my powers.

In doing so I shall hope to clear my own mind while endeavouring to clear yours.

There was certainly never a time when there was such a compelling duty on each of us to have a clear goal in view and to try to see the way we have to go to reach that goal.

The world structure we knew up to 1914 has gone and can never be recovered and the task that lies before this generation is the building of another structure on an entirely different plan and on an incredibly vaster scale.

No country has so heavy a responsibility in this great business as our own.

The world that has collapsed was a world of which the British Empire, with its unrivalled sea power and its great possessions, was the chief pillar.

Ideals of Liberty

It was a disunited world but a workable world because the British ideal of liberal institutions, personal liberty, self-government, and free trade made it workable.

Everywhere that ideal was spreading and making new conquests.

Democracy in some form or other had prevailed over Europe, throughout the Americas, in the British Dominions overseas and in Japan.

Even in Russia the Duma had come into existence bringing the beginnings of Parliamentary government.

And China had turned in her sleep of two thousand years and under the inspiration of Sun Yat Sen was caught in the tidal wave of democracy that seemed destined to make the whole world one in the common heritage of freedom, the common pursuit of peace and the antagonism to war as an instrument of policy.

It seemed that we were moving slowly but resistlessly to a world unity on the basis of universal freedom enshrined in the democratic system of government.

Then came the war. At first it was hoped that its terrific lesson of the horrors of modern conflict and its victory for the democratic cause had decided the destiny of the world for peace.

League Hopes

That hope was embodied in the League of Nations which aimed at the substitution of the reign of law for the reign of force in the affairs of nations and which set up for the first time the nucleus of a World Parliament.

It failed. Why it failed is too long and complex a story to enter into here.

But the main reason was that the War Spirit blazed up afresh, first in the Far East, then in Europe, and the League, unarmed and disunited, fell to pieces like a castle of sand on the sea shore.

To-day we stand again on the brink of the abyss.

Three nations are out for world conquest.

They are united for the moment, but if they win, one only will be the ultimate victor.

For Germany is out for World Empire and she will tolerate no rival. She has resumed the dream which led her into the war of 1914.

Her aim for nearly two generations has been to supplant Britain as the leader of the world, to establish her dominion by the sword and to hold it by the sword.

Everyone on this earth is to be the subject of the super-race led by the superman.

This is not a record of the ravings of a madhouse, though it sounds like it.

It is the deliberate, declared policy of Hitler.

If you doubt it, read his "Mein Kampf," read Hambloch's book, "Germany Rampant," published this week; read the records, such as "The Nazi Spy Conspiracy in America," of the world-wide plottings that have their centre in Berlin.

Watch the activities of the Hitler agents in South Africa, in India, in the Arab world, in South America, everywhere.

And do not suppose that Germany is not behind him in this astounding assault on the liberties of the world.

There is, of course, a sane Germany, a Germany that talks in whispers and dreads the morrow.

But militant Germany is in the saddle, and militant Germany is lifting its head with all the old arrogance everywhere, in Tanganyika, in South Africa, even in the United States.

Listen to this. I quote from "The Nazi Spy Conspiracy in America":

> "At the trial of six Nazi Bund leaders in an up-State New York court in the summer of 1938, on charges of failing to register properly, one defendant demonstrated the Nazi salute in the court-room.
>
> "'Is that what you call the salute of an American citizen to his flag?' demanded the District Attorney.
>
> "'No,' retorted the Nazi, 'but it will be.'"

A small incident. But that is the spirit of Germany. That is the challenge which democracy in every land has to face.

How are we to face it? I say "we," because if the challenge is to be met and overthrown, it is this country, with its sea power and its traditions of freedom, which must be the spearhead and the inspiration.

Act Now!

AND NOT A MOMENT MUST BE LOST, FOR EVERY HOUR THE CONSPIRACY OF THE GANGSTERS IS EATING DEEPER INTO THE VITALS OF THE DEMOCRATIC WORLD. ANY MOMENT THE STORM MAY BE UPON US. IT MAY BE UPON US BEFORE THESE LINES APPEAR.

I will turn for a moment to those "multitudinous counsels" to which I have referred.

Some of them seem unrelated to this world. I have the utmost respect for the convinced pacifist, but I confess that the non-resistance philosophy of the Lansbury-Ponsonby school leaves me wondering what starry realm they inhabit.

I wish I could say they were harmless, but when I reflect on their share of responsibility for the failure of this country to awake to the tremendous meaning of Germany's rearmament, I cannot do so.

Hardly less irrelevant to-day is the "isolationist" school of Lord Beaverbrook.

He should be a happy man now, but I doubt if he is.

For years the isolationists have been damning the League of Nations and preaching the silly nonsense of an isolated British Empire, divorced from all its contacts with Europe.

Well, they have got their wish. The League is dead.

And how does their gospel of "isolation" look to-day? I will waste no more words on it.

Religion's Voice

More intelligent, but, I fear, not more effective, is the reliance on the appeal to the religious world.

I should rejoice if the new Pope, answering the appeal of the Archbishop of Canterbury, issued a stirring summons to the vast Catholic community of Italy and Germany to repudiate and resist the Pagan avalanche of the dictators.

But will he do it, and if he did would the people dare obey? Religion is once more in flight to the catacombs.

It will not emerge again as a force until the terror has passed—not until the gangs of fire-raisers, murderers, Jew-baiters, thieves who have now got Europe at their mercy, are overthrown.

Then there are those who cry, "Back to the League and collective security." But that is an ultimate aim.

The terror is on us, and nothing matters except the forces that we can bring to bear at once against it.

I come to the much more practical counsels of those who urge the ap-

A. G. GARDINER
ly and fearlessly

plication of economic pressure.

Germany and Italy have bled their countries white in order to build up a war machine that would dominate Europe.

THE MACHINE IS TERRIFIC, BUT BEHIND IT ARE NATIONS IMPOVERISHED AND, I BELIEVE, WHOLLY INCAPABLE OF SURVIVING A LONG STRUGGLE.

The dictators are banking on a knock-out blow. Without that they lose. They have plundered Austria, they have plundered Czecho-Slovakia, they have plundered the Jews, and they have plundered the creditor nations.

In their desperate need for foreign currencies they have for years been carrying on an economic war by barter, which ought long ago to have been smashed.

And the more they steal and the more they barter, the more desperate is their poverty.

This is the front where we can strike them hardest, and strike them at once.

It is the theme of Mr. Hambloch's book. The dictators' piracy must be met by economic outlawry.

It will mean sacrifices to ourselves, but it will mean death to them, and our traders must be prepared to suffer any sacrifice that will help to avert the calamity that threatens the whole civilised world.

The U.S.A. has shown the way. It has already turned its powerful economic screw.

It is meeting economic war with war and soon German trade will be largely frozen out in one of its greatest markets.

Desperate cases call for desperate remedies and the dictators should be put in quarantine at once, diplomatically and economically.

Their urgent need for their knock-out blow is oil—oil—oil. Why should the democratic countries supply the oil and coal with which they are to be destroyed?

Equally important is propaganda. Spread the truth in Germany. Our broadcasts to Germany are one of the most powerful weapons we have, for they are letting the truth into a people made to live on lies.

Let us come to the counsels that concern our equipment for the struggle, always remembering that the blow may come any day, any hour.

"When I strike, I shall strike like lightning in the night" is Hitler's maxim. And he lives up to it.

First as to our military power. Whatever view we hold of Munich, it has given us one great gain. Six months in which to reduce some of the lead which our negligence in the face of warnings had allowed Hitler to steal.

Prepared

This makes us enormously better prepared for the immediate emergency than we were in September.

Even more important, it means that our production is now at the maximum and that with the knock-out blow warded off, our material and staying power will rapidly begin to tell.

There is another advantage from th six months' respite. The brutal massacre of Czecho-Slovakia has clarified the mind of the democratic world.

It has made us belatedly understand the vital importance of Russia.

She is as little of a democratic country as Germany or Italy, but she is no menace to any outside power. She has been a loyal member of the League and she has as much interest in resisting the world domination of Hitler and his axis as any nation.

With Russia now behind Poland and now in active co-operation with Britain and France the situation is changed.

It is true that the obliteration of Czecho-Slovakia is a loss of the first importance. It is true also that the latest coup of Hitler in Rumania is a grave disaster, placing Germany in practically unchallenged economic control of the Danube from its source to the Black Sea.

But the Balkan *bloc* has not collapsed, and Turkey is confidently believed to be firm in its sympathies with Britain, France and Russia.

And in the background of the democratic cause are the enormous potentialities of the United States, available to us through our sea power and available to us alone.

The spirit of America has been roused to fever heat by the massacre of Czecho-Slovakia, and this fact is among the most important gains in the outlook since September.

Then all was confusion and doubt. We had no policy and we had no friends.

Even France was passing through a phase that looked like internal disintegration. That is so no longer.

THE RIBBENTROP DUST IS OUT OF OUR EYES AND THE MASK IS OFF HITLER. EVEN MR. CHAMBERLAIN NOW KNOWS THAT WHEN HE WAVED HIS PIECE OF MUNICH PAPER HE WAS BEING DECEIVED BY THE TRICK OF A GANGSTER.

New Premier?

With all this, certain action is urgent. The National Government in name must become a National Government in fact.

It must be reorganised and strengthened by such men as Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. Attlee and men of proved administrative genius like Sir Arthur Salter and Mr. Frank Pick.

With the failure of the policy to which he has clung so obstinately, it is difficult to see that Mr. Chamberlain can remain at the helm in the new situation.

The one ground on which he could remain is the value of his prestige among the peoples of Germany and Italy as the man who fought for peace.

But if war unhappily comes—and who can doubt its imminence?—this value would instantly vanish, and it is plainly not thinkable that the destinies of the world could be left in his hands in time of war.

Moreover, the co-operation of Labour in government is vital if the full energies of this country are to be mobilised and inspired with true democratic faith, and it is pretty generally known that Labour would not consent to accept his leadership.

And who would succeed? I think the choice is clear.

The one reputation that has risen impressively in these bitter and humiliating days is that of Lord Halifax.

He represents the spirit of England at its highest and best, and I know of no one who would command equal confidence and exercise equal and undisputed authority.

This reconstruction should not be delayed

Learn or Perish

It should not be left until the need is here. It should be done now—**NOW!**

I am late in coming to the goal we should have in view and to which our energies, whether in war or peace, should be directed.

Hitler will give us the unity of fear and the death of the human spirit.

The victory of Democracy will give us once more the opportunity to rebuild the temple of that spirit on a new and more enduring plan.

We missed our way in 1919. We made, as I wrote at the time, a settlement in two mutually destructive parts—a Peace that sowed the seeds of future wars and a Covenant designed to reconstruct the world on the basis of peace and the rule of law.

I said then that both could not endure, that one or the other must perish. In the end both Peace Treaty and Covenant have perished.

We must not make that tragic mistake again. Whatever grim experiences we have to wade through in the days that lie ahead, let us keep before us the terrific lesson of the past—the lesson that Lord Grey embodied in his memorable warning, "Learn or Perish"

Who is Right?

Right: President Roosevelt ("economic pressure")

Left: Mr. Churchill ("still greater arms")

Lord Beaverbrook ("splendid isolation")

Left: Mr. Lansbury ("pure pacifism")

Above: Lord Cecil ("back to the League")

Mr. Duff Cooper ("stand up to Hitler")

Complete Short Story by Aird Galloway

Old Ted Fowe stepped between them. "Stop it," he cried hoarsely, "young Pender's right"

Conflict!

DIRECTLY the telephone rang, Dick Pender was instantly awake.

The night was hideous with din. Outside a gale was screaming, and the thunderous blasts of wind shook the stone cottage so that the very walls trembled and a chimney-pot shattered itself against the slates.

Inside, through the shuddering darkness, the telephone rang and rang. . . .

He jumped up. He did not take time to throw a covering over his pyjamas.

But before he reached the telephone out in the draughty lobby he knew the reason for the summons—for the quavering boom of the lifeboat maroon muttered out of the night. . . .

"Hullo, Pender here!" he called into the mouthpiece. "A ship off the Corleys? Right—I'll be down in a couple of shakes."

He heard his mother call out to him from her bedroom: "Is it the lifeboat, Dick?"

He paused at her door; then he pushed it open. "First call for the new cox'n," he shouted above the noise of the rattling window-frames. "But you lie still, mother."

As he closed her door again he heard the springs of her bed creak, and he knew that all the counsel in the world would not prevent her from rising and seeing him off, as she had risen so often to bid God-speed to his father.

His father, who had been coxswain of Starne Bay lifeboat before him, and would have been coxswain yet but for such a night of south-west fury as this.

He tried to close his mind to the tragic pictures his thoughts flashed across his inward vision.

HE thought of other things—of the battle ahead of him, of his leadership in the lifeboat which had caused so much foolish jealousy and criticism among some of the older men in the village whose only objection to his filling his father's place was the fact that he was not much over thirty.

He hurried, not needing to light the lamp, so well had he learned the lessons in method his father had dinned into him.

When he came out into the lobby again, where his seaboots stood behind the front door, his mother was waiting, a coat buttoned round her, her plaited grey hair drawn back tightly from her anxious face, and a lamp in her hand.

She put the lamp down on the hall-stand. "You'll be careful, Dick?"

She shivered, and he saw her clasp her veined hands tightly. "I've been dreading this happening before your wedding on Saturday. When I saw the glass falling——"

He put an arm round her and smiled. "Of course I'll be careful. Don't you worry. And you'd better go back to bed if you don't want to catch your death of cold."

But he knew she would spend the rest of the night praying on her knees for the rescuers and the rescued, piling wood on the kitchen fire and keeping the kettle at the boil for his return.

AND he knew, as she stood in the yellow lamplight, nodding her head in a brave smile, what thoughts were striding behind her eyes.

"I'll be waiting, Dick," she said as he opened the door and a savage gust of wind buffeted against him and tore the handle from his grasp.

The next moment he was outside, his oilskins flapping noisily as he pulled the door shut until the lock snapped home again securely.

"*I'll be waiting!*" That was what she always said. It was her prayer when the lifeboat went out.

She was still waiting for his father, who had answered the lifeboat call almost twelve months ago—and had never returned.

Five of them did not come back that long night. The sea had kept them, casting up two survivors—Tom Esplin and Dick Pender—and breaking the lifeboat in two across the Corleys.

Tom Esplin was a cripple now, with his back in a stiff harness. And Dick was coxswain of the new boat. . . .

The wind was cruel this night. He felt it lifting him off his feet as he staggered down the cliff path and on to the spumed seawall.

FROM behind Starne Head a flaring rocket cleaved into the heavens and burst against the night with a lingering brilliance.

"The wind's in the worst quarter," he murmured grimly as he ran towards the lifeboat station. "It'll be piling up mountains across the mouth of the bay—like the night we capsized——"

He ran on. Others had arrived at the station before him, and an acetylene flare lit the slipway.

He returned the brief greetings of the others—Jeffson, Combe, Wimple, Priestley—and turned with a grin to young Jagger as he raced into view, still buttoning on his clothes, his feet awkward in his carpet slippers.

The doors of the boathouse had been rolled back and bolted into position.

More people crowded in—women with shawls pulled tightly round their heads, their eyes anxious in their white faces—Joe Prelyn, from the coastguard station—some of the launchers—old Ted Fowe, who had been coxswain for twenty years before he grew too old for the arduous job.

It was Joe Prelyn who said, turning his back on the shrieking squalls that were driving flurries of snow before them: "She signalled ten minutes ago. Her steering gear's crippled. She's being driven down to the Corleys."

"What ship's she?" Dick asked, buckling on his life-jacket.

"The *Storway*—a Bristol coaster."

"The *Storway*?"

Dick looked up. He saw Joe nod. Then he turned and peered into the storm. In the distance he could hear the thrashing waters breaking high over the rocks off Starne Head.

He left the others and walked down to the water's edge. The spray leapt over him as he shielded his eyes under his cupped palms and stared into the wild gloom.

He stood there for several minutes while, in his mind, he and the others were fighting to bring the boat through the mountainous seas that were piling up like cliffs on her beam as they left the bay.

He felt someone pull his elbow, and he turned to old Ted Fowe.

"You're fighting it out, Dick," the old man shouted.

"Fighting what?"

Ted Fowe shook his head. "Your battle, lad. It's not an easy decision to make. But you're right!"

"Right about what?" Dick demanded, half-ashamed. His face, glistening with salt in the light from the flare, was haggard.

"About not taking the boat out, lad," Fowe said. "I could see by the look of you what was on your mind. You're the only one of the old boat's crew left who knows what it is to leave the bay in a sou'wester. Except me!"

Dick spoke into the darkness. "We could do it if there was a breakwater."

"'Course you could! We've been promised a breakwater for years now. But a promise won't be givin' you a lee for bringing her off the beam and getting down past the Head to the Corleys."

DICK drew in a deep breath. "It's not me I'm thinking of. It's the others. The gauge is measuring gusts of eighty miles."

There was an agony in his eyes, but as he looked towards the sea the darkness masked it.

"Dad used to say that only a lifeboat tragedy at Starne Bay would prove how badly we needed that breakwater here. Well, he—and the others—proved it. Last year——"

"And you don't need to be giving any more proof, do you? I know those waters better'n anybody alive, Dick. If you take that boat across that wind tonight not one of you lads'll ever come back alive. And you know it!"

Dick gripped Ted Fowe's arm. His fingers dug in deeply. "I know that!" he bawled against a rising howl of wind. "It's left me with a terrible choice."

"It has! But you're cox'n——"

"Hi, there!"

The call came from the slipway. And Dick turned abruptly and walked back as a rocket swept up with a soaring shriek from the standpipe by the boathouse.

As its fiery tail disappeared into space it exploded into a great cascade of green stars—a signal to the crew of the *Storway* that Starne Bay lifeboat was putting out.

"WHAT are we waiting for?" Jack Priestley called out.

Dick stood with his back to the gunwale looking at the others in front of him, then up to the men who were already in the boat.

"We're not going out!" he said. His voice was trembling.

"What's that?" Priestley demanded, his mouth gaping.

"We're not going. We can't."

"Who the hell says so?" Wimple asked with a contemptuous laugh. He leaned over from a thwart and gripped Dick by a shoulder strap.

Dick braced himself. He felt suddenly surrounded by scowling enemies. "I'm saying it. Listen, boys, it's plain suicide—with the wind and water as they are. We'll never get the boat round. She'll capsize."

Voices muttered and rose in the wind. . . . "Starne Bay's never refused a call yet." . . . "It's cowardice!" . . . "So that's your mettle, is it?"

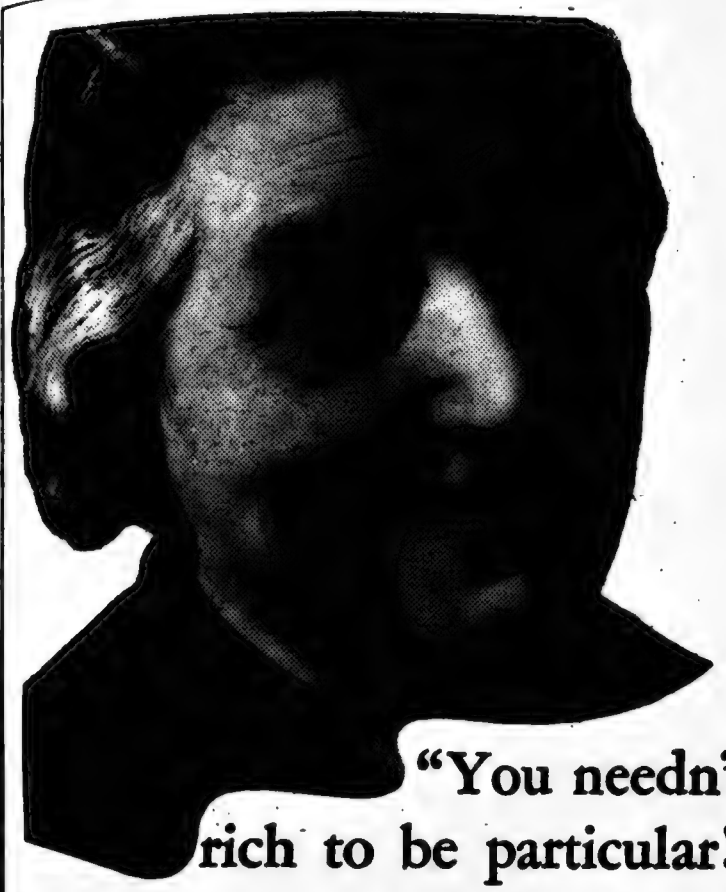
He held up a hand. The other lay clenched in a pocket.

"There's your own wives and children to think of, too," he called out. "There's no sense in losing seven lives for nothing. I'm telling you I know. I was in the last boat last year——"

Big Dave Jeffson leapt down from the boat and stood in front of him. "If you're scared, we aren't. And the rocket's gone."

"I'm not scared." Dick protested fiercely. "Don't be fools. You're not

(Please turn to page 24)



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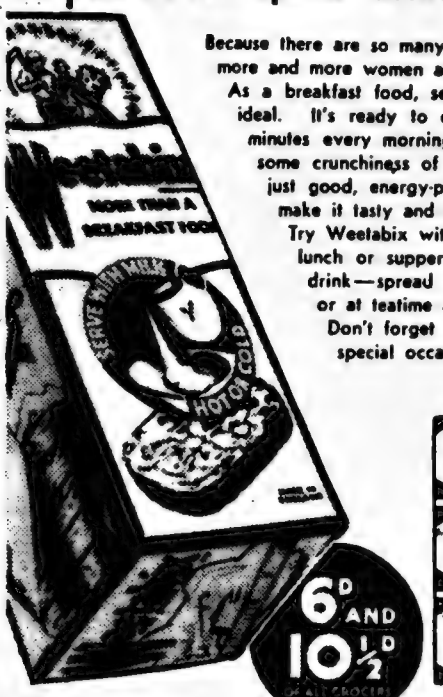

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Conflict!

Continued from page 22

asked to commit suicide," he added angrily.

Jeffson swore. "It should've been a yellow rocket instead of a green'n." He thrust his beetling face into Dick Pender's. "Your Dad wasn't afraid to go, was he? He'd turn in his grave if——"

"Steady, Dave!" a voice warned sharply behind him.

"I know what I'm saying. Pender's yellow." He laughed harshly. "He's scared to take a risk because he's being wed on Saturday. I know! Some skirt in Bristol who's softened the manhood in his marrow——"

"Say that again, Jeffson!" Dick said dangerously.

Jeffson sneered. "Of course I'll say it again, you——" And he struck his hand across Dick's face. Dick's fist cracked out and caught Jeffson under the chin, sending him back with a pained grunt.

Old Ted Fowe stepped between them. "Stop it!" he cried hoarsely. "Young Pender's right. You'll go to your deaths needlessly."

"YOU'RE a doddering old wife," Jeffson threw at him. "And as for you!" he bawled at Dick as he swung himself into the boat, "I don't suppose if your own mother was on board that ship you'd have the guts to put out.

"Come on, boys, who's coming?"

One by one the others silently took their places.

Dick leapt forward and reached up. "You don't go without me," he yelled, fighting against Jeffson's restraining hands. "Keep off, Jeffson! If the boat goes—so do I."

Joe Prelyn's voice sang out: "You're not needed, boys. The coastguard station has just rung down. The *Storway* has signalled she's O.K. She's just morsed that she's repaired her steering and is hauling off under her own steam."

DICK turned to him. His eyes were shining. "Thank God!" he whispered fervently. Louder, he said: "That's great news, Joe."

Prelyn shrugged and eyed him, with his mouth curling slowly. Then he wheeled round silently and walked away.

Behind him the crew were climbing down. The launchers went forward to help to house the boat. Nobody spoke to Dick.

He might never have been there, for all the notice the others took of him. He walked slowly away into the surrounding darkness. . . .

His mother was waiting for him when he reached home. As he trudged into the kitchen in his streaming oilskins she lifted the kettle from the fire. Her face was alight. "Thank God, you're back, Dick. You haven't been long this time."

He nodded. He leant a hand on the mantelpiece and looked down into the leaping fire. "We didn't go," he said.

He looked years older. She saw the lines deepen at the corners of his mouth. "What happened?" she asked.

"It was the same as the night that—that Dad went. Only, wilder. I said it was impossible."

She held her breath, then put the kettle down. "That was a hard thing to do. That's cost you a lot, Dick."

He nodded, still staring down at the crackling flames. "Nobody will ever know. But I couldn't let them go as—as the others did last year."

She stood perfectly still. Suddenly she put out a hand to him, hesitated, then drew it back shyly. "No," she said. Then: "And the ship?"

"By God's blessing, she got off herself."

"What ship was she?"

He did not answer for a moment. He whispered: "The *Storway*."

He heard his mother's breath break in a startled gasp.

"You knew—all along?" she asked huskily.

"Yes!"

"Dick, look at me," his mother said. He saw that her eyes were swimming. "You knew it was Mary's father's boat! You knew Mary was on board—Mary, who's marrying you at Bristol on Saturday!"

"Yes—I knew." His voice rose passionately. "But don't you understand what I went through? The thought of Mary out there . . . but I couldn't do anything. It would have been wicked folly to have risked the boys. I couldn't, mother, I couldn't. *You* understand?"

HER eyes were bright through her tears as she reached up for the brass tea-caddy.

"Yes, I understand, son," she murmured. "The others — they — they thought you were a coward?"

"Yes. They'll never understand."

She paused in the act of lifting the warm teapot from the hob. "Don't you worry about that!" She was smiling as he looked at her. Her eyes were proud. She filled the teapot slowly.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

Her voice was almost gay. "Oh, I'm just thinking how proud I'll be when I go down the village to-morrow and they find my son's as big a hero as his Dad.

"Now, what about a strong cup of tea, after what you've been through?"

50 applicants — but HE got the job!

All else equal, it's the well-clad man that gets the preference. Look your best even in the worst weather. Wear a "C.M." Weathercoat for smartest style at lowest cost, and you have made the best coat-in-vestment that is possible. To be sure of cut and quality, get "C.M." every time.

C M

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Raincoats - - - from 21/-

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Write for free Style Leaflet to Dept. 24, Chas. Macintosh & Co. Ltd., Bridport Rd., Edmonton, London, N.18.

No escape from jovial neighbours!

Not from the B.B.C.

Darkest Suburbia

Mid dumps most depressing,
where'er we may roam,
Though dreary they be, they're
less dreary than home!
The "blues" are my lot when
I open the door
Of what, to my mind, is the
world's biggest bore—
Home, home! Dull, drab
home!

An exile from home, in I don't
care what spot,
Breeds envy intense of his
happier lot;
While I, to suburban neurosis
a prey,
Just scream down the house
when organists play
Home, home! Sweet, sweet
home!

CONSIDER an Englishman's home, complete with h. and c., g. and e., usual offices, customary cat, and tastefully arranged mortgage, and one may well yearn for the amenities of a concentration camp!

So, at least, I conclude from the pronouncement on "suburban neurosis" and "Suburbia's Blues" which have lately occupied such corners of the daily Press as have not been invaded by Hitler.

The Rev. J. T. Hodgson, of Wood Green, I read, is out to fight "suburban sadness." Psychologists, I read some more, are investigating "the 'blues' which attacks the otherwise happy young housewife tied to her home all day."

And the cure, we are told, is more sociability, more clubs, more of the "get-together" spirit—in fact, more of all the curses with which suburbia, in my experience, is already afflicted. For, alas! in the suburb where I (at the latest possible moment) pay my rates the most unbridled mateyness prevails.

One cannot even slink from house to station (quarter of a mile as the crow would fly if there were any crows) without being assailed by jovial neighbours yearning to sell raffle tickets, borrow one's lawnmower, or tell "the latest" about Goering (prose) or a certain young lady of Kent (rhyme).

As for those lonely wives, listening for the footstep of the returning breadwinner—they are conspicuous by their absence from Mon Repos and their presence at the local cinema, pin-parlour or club.

But this, of course, won't be believed by those rev. gents. who are now bestowing on the suburban housewife the solicitude they once reserved for the dusky heathen.

The Dark Continent, though
dark, has
Fewer horrors than Moor Park
has;
So to-day,
To Jumbunaland and Tonga
Missionaries now no longer
Make their way!

Till they've brought light to
the garden
Suburbs, African must pardon
Their neglect—
Though the heathen, in his
blindness,
Will consider this a kindness,
I suspect!

Y. Z.

TRAGEDY at the ELMS
Darling, we'll leave polyanthus in that bed in the spring, and tulips over there by the wall
Joan, I wish I could be certain we'll still have the house in the spring
But what's wrong, Dick?
Things aren't going well for me at the office, Joan. I've got the brains all right, but I've lost my drive. The company won't stand for it much longer
The trouble is I'm always tired, tired right through and I get so depressed, I even wake up tired every morning
But Dick, why didn't you tell me all this before? I've been worried about your tiredness, but I didn't know you felt as bad as that. You must see the doctor
AT THE DOCTOR'S
Hm! Your trouble sounds like Night Starvation, Mr. Butler. You see, all night long your heart and lungs go on using up energy. The heart has to beat 35,000 times, the lungs make 20,000 muscular movements during 8 hours sleep. If energy is not replaced during sleep, no wonder you wake tired, feel not up to your work all day. You need Horlicks for that. Start tonight...
HIS WIFE SAW TO IT THAT DICK HAD HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT
SIX WEEKS LATER
Your work lately has been splendid, Butler. I have every confidence in you
SIX MONTHS LATER
You've made the garden lovely this summer, darling. We wouldn't have had all this but for you
Nonsense, darling!
(THINKS) THANK GOODNESS FOR HORLICKS

DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS USE HORLICKS IN HOSPITAL TESTS

RECENTLY tests were made in a great hospital on men and women who complained of always feeling tired.

It was found that these people had an excess of acid waste products in their blood during sleep.

This acid waste kept the brain and nerve centres 'on edge' all night even though the rest of the body was sound asleep.

But when Horlicks was given to these men and women last thing at night, this excess acid waste was completely neutralised. They woke refreshed, with greatly increased energy and vitality.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

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50 Tablets 1/3
150 " 3/-
Vest-pocket Size ... 6d.

Phillips TONIC YEAST

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★ **48-Page FREE BOOK**

This book tells all about a 7-day Trial Offer. It tells how to develop strong muscles—how you can get fit and remain fit. It explains this easily, simply and without the use of apparatus. Also particulars how you can win a free round-trip tour to the New York World's Fair! Write mentioning "John Bull" to Charles Atlas (Dept. 13, Q), 2, Dean Street, London, W.1.

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MAKING ENDS MEET ON

£2-10-0

A WEEK FOR FIVE

MRS. HUNT'S WEEKLY BUDGET

	£	s.	d.
Rent		12	5
Clothes club		4	0
Insurance		4	0
Coal, gas and electricity		3	6
Husband's expenses		4	0
Sundries		1	1
Food	1	1	0
Total	£2	10	0

Mrs. Hunt of London serves Rowntree's Cocoa because it

AIDS DIGESTION

"NO ONE can say my three little ones don't look well fed," says Mrs. Hunt, "although when my youngest was coming, my husband and I didn't know how we'd do on £2.10.0 a week for us all.

"But I have to try and make ends meet, and I don't mind admitting that Rowntree's Cocoa is a great help. It seems to make simple meals much more filling and satisfying somehow. They say this is because it aids digestion. I think every mother who has growing children to feed should know about Rowntree's Cocoa."

* * *

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself — it actually helps people to digest all their other food *more quickly* and *with less effort*. This means children get more goodness out of their meals — put on *extra* bone, muscle and tissue.

Rowntree's Cocoa has a lovely rich, chocolatey flavour. You need only half a teaspoonful to a cup — that's why it's so much more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks.

Doris Hunt is 5½ years, Joyce is 3. Mrs. Hunt is proud of having such sturdy little children. Wouldn't any mother be! Both children love Rowntree's Cocoa because of its chocolaty flavour.

FREE GIFTS! Hundreds of valuable free gifts are offered in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift Coupons in every tin: send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. CE82, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for **Free Gift Booklet**, containing **Free Voucher**, value three coupons.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

TWO LOVES

In a stranger-than-fiction real life story a reader tells how a car crash robbed him of his fiancee. Now he has met her double.

The exact image of the girl he lost

LOVE, tragedy, then the birth of a new love. Should a man who has been driven to the very depths of despair seize his fresh chance of happiness?

A reader has sent me a story that would be called improbable if it were fiction. . . .

"Everything seemed to go quite satisfactorily until I was twenty years of age," he writes. "I was a partner in my father's business.

"I had the blessing of good health; and I had fallen in love with a wonderful girl who was better off than myself, but I was approved of by her family.

"We had some glorious times together, and I often went to her home for week-ends and holidays. It was understood that we should eventually marry.

"Then came the tragedy. We set out one morning for a motor drive, both in excellent spirits and full of fun, and we had a friendly argument as to who should drive.

"She said: 'Go on. You take the wheel. I may as well die by your hands as my own.' Little did I realise that within a couple of hours her words would come true."

The writer described the fatal skid and the crash. The girl was killed outright; the man was rushed to hospital. The physical pain he suffered for months was nothing to his remorse.

He recovered gradually, and then went to the dogs. He took to drink and ran wild. His father found him useless in the business and forced him to find employment elsewhere. He sank lower and lower.

Now for the amazing sequel:—

"I had been in my present job about a year when the 'boss' advertised for a young lady assistant, and when she arrived you can imagine my astonishment.

"She was the exact image of the girl killed in the accident! Not only in features but in her walk. Her very voice is the same."

HE was irresistibly attracted, and began to take her out. But the man is worried. He is 33 and the girl is only 20. Moreover, he is in a very poor position and has no prospects. The letter finishes with a question: "What should I do?"

The difference in ages is fairly wide, but that is not terribly important. If the man were 20 and the girl 33 it would be more serious.

Now that he has found a girl who appeals so strongly to him he must start life afresh. Nothing is gained by brooding over the tragedy of years ago.

But he should try to recover his old "self." He should give up the sort of life he has been living—drinking too much, running wild—and seek to improve his position.

It will need courage and hard work; but he now has a motive for doing his best, and I believe he will win through.

Now for another stranger-than-fiction story:—

"Seven years ago I was very ill, at one time unconscious and delirious. Throughout the illness I had a peculiar dream that just seemed to break when I woke up but continued where I left off as soon as I feel asleep again.

"This dream portrayed my later life in absolute detail. I learnt the age when I should marry, the type of wife I should have, the sort of house I should live in.

There were heaps of details about my courting days which subsequently came true.

"In my dream my wife had a baby, and in lots of confused hospital scenes I learnt that the birth left her a cripple; but after years of suffering she somehow was cured. . . .

"Now my point is this: Ought I to agree to have any family in spite of the fact that my whole life seems to be working out according to my dream? Is the risk too great? I have not told my wife of my fears, and she badly wants a child.

"I am not usually superstitious, but when I realise the many details which have already come true I think I can be excused for hesitating.

"If my wife is to spend the best years of her life as an invalid I should never forgive myself. What would you advise me to do?"

It is a most interesting problem. Dreams which continue like a serial story are not very common, although there are a number on record. And dreams which seem to foretell future events are well known to investigators.

But I find it difficult to believe that our lives are completely planned out beforehand. If they are, we can never praise or blame anyone for anything. If what has to be will be, then it is useless asking advice or making decisions.

Suppose the man decides that there must be no children for fear of his wife's becoming a cripple, then obviously the dream is not keeping to its pattern. And if it can be avoided in this way it is not "inevitable."

But since the man is evidently obsessed by the dream I advise him to discuss the subject with his family doctor. It is quite probable that his wife is a normally healthy woman, and that the risk of child-bearing is slight.

He needs assuring that it is safe for her to bring a child into the world.

MY third story is not so astonishing as the first two, but it is unusual. It comes from a wife who is worried about her husband:—

"We have been married eight years. He is steady, never touches alcohol, never ill-uses me in any way, and is hard-working. We have two little girls whom we both love very dearly.

"But my husband will persist in telling foolish and unnecessary lies.

"However badly off we are he is always the gentleman, giving people to understand that he is somebody of importance.

"Only last week he had a workmate to see him, and the fellow let out that my husband had told him he had won over £200 in a football pool. It was all rubbish.

"Has he got a 'kink' or something? You are probably thinking it is late in the day to bring all this forward, but I have tried so hard to understand."

IS it not strange that a business man should be doing what children so often do to make themselves sound important? Here is an adult living in a world of make-believe, trying to compensate himself with "fairy tales."

The truth is that deep down in his heart the man is acutely aware of being a failure, and he seeks to console himself with wonderful tales about the exciting things that might happen.

What can be done for such a man? It is useless to scold him when he is found out. That makes him feel a fool and he becomes angry. A better plan would be to poke gentle fun at him. Treat him like a child who has been telling "taradiddles."

Humanist's Page

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Is This You?

Letters sent to Humanist, our expert on real-life problems, are generally ignored when they have no name or address. But one came recently which is alarming.

From what the writer says about her husband, he might have homicidal tendencies. It is impossible to trace the woman, so if she sees this, Humanist urges her to report to her doctor immediately.

ACTION SHOULD BE TAKEN AT ONCE.

Try THIS SPECIAL EXERCISE to keep you bright and SMILING

EVERY MORNING & NIGHT

Put some good dentifrice on your Halex toothbrush. Then begin to brush your teeth, from the gums towards the biting edge. Feel how the springy Halex bristles clean out every crevice!

Now the insides of the teeth—they're just as important! The well-shaped Halex brush gets at all the difficult places!

Don't be afraid to brush the gums! Springy Halex bristles massage them gently, stimulating them, keeping them healthy.

There! That leaves your mouth invigorated, freshened, tingling with health! Isn't it a splendid exercise?

Here's a fine exercise to keep you on top of your form! When your mouth is fresh and clean, how good it makes you feel! If your teeth and gums are to be healthy, they need exercise. Give them *Halexercise*, with a Halex toothbrush! Stiff, springy Halex bristles clean out every nook and cranny, polish your teeth to gleaming whiteness, massage your gums to a firm and healthy pink. This vigorous two-minutes exercise leaves your mouth tingling with health. And that leaves *you* feeling brisk and energetic, ready to face the world with a smile! But remember, only springy Halex bristles can give you refreshing Halexercise!

Nine shapes, at 6d to 2/-. Made in England by Halex Limited, Hale End, London, E.4.

Three shapes at a shilling! This is the long headed Halex.
This is the one with a tuft at the end.
And this is the Halex short-head.

It's called **HALEXERCISE**

-DO IT WITH A **HALEX** TOOTHBRUSH

The brush with SPRINGY bristles

TURNED DOWN AGAIN!
I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, TED! I WORK AS HARD AS YOU DO- BUT IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS SINCE MY LAST INCREASE!
I WONDER IF YOU'D TAKE A FRIENDLY TIP, BOB? WHY NOT SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S!
THAT'S A NICE LITTLE CAR YOU'VE GOT THERE, BOB. YOUR INCREASE MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD ONE!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent thoroughly cleans the enamel – makes teeth sparkle!"
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THE ACID IN YOUR STOMACH WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET

(From actual photo)

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 23

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STEAD BLADES

IN THE WEEKLY WALLET

7 FOR 6D.

Classrooms in the Sky

● *Germany puts Britain second to Russia in air strength. We have, they say, 6,000 first-class machines*

Young Mapplebeck, who wrote his name large across the war-smoked skies of the 1914-18 affair, and many another war-time "ace," were my boon companions or pupils.

IN the *Deutsche Wehr*, a German military publication which you and I are not supposed to see, an interesting official table was published the other day of the air strength of the various Great Powers.

Russia was top with 9,000 first-line machines—and who do you think was second? Britain! They said we have 6,000 first-class machines over here, and added:

"This figure does not include British Dominions and Colonies; a reliable estimate of the air strength of the whole British Empire is hardly possible."

Well, without getting myself shot at dawn for disclosing what I know of the air's official secrets, I can tell you they have some very nice stuff in the Royal Australian Air Force and in Canada, and that India has quantity as well as quite a bit of quality.

THE *Deutsche Wehr*, which is published to keep German war leaders well informed, and contains the cream of some pretty accurate information, adds a note of criticism.

It says that Britain has the 'planes, but not the men to use them. Had I been writing that article, I should have raised my doubts on a different score.

Britain is spending £200,000,000 in the air this year; if Democracy has a fault, it is that it will put a lot too much of that amount into profiteers' pockets.

Sometimes I wonder why a single-seat racer costs £2,000, while a single-seat fighter costs *just over five times as much*.

The machines are almost exactly the same; but arms profits rose by forty millions last year, while wages increased by seven and a half millions.

One firm was able to give nearly a million pounds free capital bonus, and issue a million pounds' worth of shares on bonus terms.

Meanwhile, the old hands—the test pilots and instructors in Britain's "nursery of the flying fiends"—get the same wages as before, or perhaps a little less.

But there are promising youngsters coming on in the nursery. The *Deutsche Wehr* is all wrong in saying we couldn't use our Air Force.

This business of teaching the young fellows how to use wings appeals to me. I began doing it at Grahame-White's flying school at Hendon.

I took George Bernard Shaw for a fly, knew Hamel, and was with the man who later became Air Chief Marshal Trenchard in a little crash on Salisbury Plain.

After that I taught one of the most famous airmen in the world to handle flying-boats just before he put up a series of splendid records. And there have been others.

And what are the fresh-faced youngsters who want to fly for Britain learning now? Come up for a little lesson with us, and you'll see.

Away we go, throbbing up the cloudless sky in one of the new big bombers still "on the secret list." At nearly five miles a minute, we tear across the Heavens to a post "somewhere in Wessex"—a place surrounded by live wire fences spattered with huge red notices every hundred yards, saying "W.O.—PRIVATE."

We thunder along 20,000 feet up, out of sight, out of mind—but *not* out of earshot.

Human ears can't detect the whisper in the sky; but those men down there have vast membranous mechanical "ears" attached to delicate apparatus.

Yes, and they've heard us, too, because, over there to our left, a pretty ball of cotton-wool suddenly appears, and then another nearer, and then another (over go the controls and round we go in a screaming turn) just beside our wingtip.

And *that*, you see, is just a little string of billets-doux from uncannily accurate invisible gunners.

Pigmy creatures, four miles down below our feet, who are swinging the long, black snouts of those ultra-modern anti-aircraft guns swiftly to cover a line they can't see, but which their marvellous mechanism tells them we're flying.

Only blanks, of course! Lucky for us, too, or that last one would have done the trick, and now we should be falling like pennies from heaven. . . .

But there isn't time for any more badinage. Over we go and higher; across here like lightning leaping from cloud to cloud; down here in a squealing power-dive that leaves stomach, blood and nerves pinned on the ceiling.

Down—and I have to show the new pilot how to overcome uncontrollable nausea, how to use over ninety instruments in the little cockpit, how to release vast, roaring bombs and press a single button that fires six or a dozen machine-guns.

I have to show him how to tumble out of searchlights at night and miss the new magnetic shells by day

WE use stunt tricks to twist away from those blazing searchlight fingers that try to claw us down from the sky—roll, nose-dive, side-slip, spin—but these things are not so useful against the new shell.

Telefonaktiebolaget, the Swedish electric company, has a patent for these shells, and no one knows how many Government chemists of various lands are working on them, too

They carry a burning magnesium cartridge in the nose, and a photo-electric cell.

Light from the flaming magnesium reflects from the raiding aircraft's metal body, is caught by the photo-electric apparatus, and explodes the shell just when the doctor ordered—when it is reasonably near the pilot's ear.

That is the sort of death-trap the poor old airman now has to dodge. He has to teach the youngsters to dodge, too. And they're getting very clever at it!

Concluding

"It Shall Not Be!"

"Germany sneers at our young airmen," says the famous pilot who wrote this series. But Germany's mistaken. "Our youngsters," he declares, "are made of the right stuff."

But we've dived far enough, and as we smash through that last grey, clammy cloud the objectives are clear under us, and this is where we leave our visiting card and get away.

Look, lad—here's the lever—give 'em high explosive first, carefully, so as not to catch a backwash of blasting air.

Now the gas-bombs; oh, that was pretty—that will send the green clouds billowing; now the poison-sprays, and finally the hail of lead right down on top of those gunners as they crouch behind their thick steel screens. . . .

YES, blanks to-day. May it never be the real stuff. If it is, and the screeching stream of lead from their quick-firers and heavy machine-guns is real . . .

Well, if you pull the old bus across as you did just now, mother will get the V.C. and you will be fired in the puff the petrol makes when it explodes.

Yes—up and over, like *that*; and, just as a warm farewell, unload some of the nice little thermite bombs, no bigger than tins of peaches, that will burn steel and crack open concrete.

Only this time they are nothing but little dummies to make smoke-puffs and let the observing brass-hats see exactly

(*Please turn to page 30*)

Race with "Silver Ring"

Time Test—Bad Master

MANY readers have asked for my opinion on the value of the Time Test as applied to racing. Like most other theories, there are arguments for and against. Followers of the method can at least be assured that they are not putting their money on hopelessly slow horses—and there are plenty of them in training.

But the backer who places full reliance on recorded times is riding for a heavy fall. The two-year-old plater, urged to the limit of his powers in order to land a £500 coup by a betting stable, may cover a five-furlong course in 61 seconds and might be bought in for 200 guineas.

In the following race, over the same distance, another two-year-old, whose value might be assessed at 6,000 guineas might take 63 seconds to win. If these two winners clashed, the Time Test would indicate that the plater should win. Actually, it would be 100 to 1 against him doing so.

What has happened is that, in the case of the class youngster, he had the "foot" of his opponents from the start, a fact quickly realised by the riders of the others in the race, and that he won without being in any way pressed.

Another snag for the stay-as-you-can Time Test follower is that the times recorded are not official, except for the beam ray apparatus on the Rous Course at Newmarket. It's a work of art to use a stop-watch correctly, and two experts may differ by almost a second in clocking even a six-furlong sprint.

In brief I think that in the eternal search for winners, the Time Test is a useful servant but a bad master.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

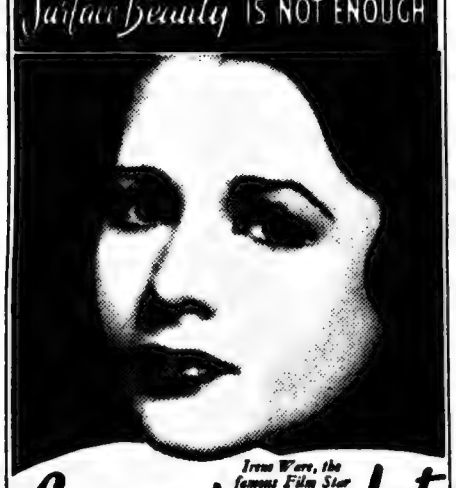
The Code covers racing from Thurs-day, March 30, to Wednesday, April 5

B A K X U Z R 98 N 93 G E D V H

I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KIXNN would read SNOOZE



Irene Ware, the famous Film Star

Surface Beauty IS NOT ENOUGH

Lovely today, yes, but lovelier tomorrow!

Perhaps you did not know that your surface complexion — the skin which you can see and touch now — will have completely disappeared in a few weeks time. Gradually, imperceptibly, all the time, your surface complexion is flaking off in tiny particles. In its place comes the *underskin* — the precious, lovely new complexion already growing underneath.

Care for that underskin, protect and beautify it now! Make your beauty live and grow—let today's care increase the loveliness of that exquisite tomorrow's complexion. Use the "secret ingredient" cream—Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream, which not only gives your complexion a perfect matt powder finish but is the only preparation designed specially to beautify the underskin!

Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream is obtainable everywhere in six flattering shades. Tubes 6d.—Mirror-fitted Jars 1/-—Dressing Table Jars 2/6

POTTER & MOORE'S POWDER-CREAM

"Brings out the Beauty Within"

WHAT AUNTIE FOUND OUT
AUNTIE . . . felt older than her years
UNCLE . . . felt disheartened
I HOPE YOU WON'T FIND IT DULL HERE, DEAR. I'M TOO TIRED TO GO ABOUT MUCH, THESE DAYS.
WHY, AUNTIE, WE USED TO HAVE SUCH GAY TIMES TOGETHER!
IT'S OLD AGE, PEGGY. WE'RE GETTING ON YOU KNOW
2
IT'S THAT MONDAY WASH THAT TIRES ME OUT SO. SCRUBBING CLOTHES LEAVES ME WORN OUT ALL THE REST OF THE WEEK.
BUT, AUNTIE, MOTHER DOES HER WASH A NEW WAY THAT SAVES ALL THAT HARD WORK. LET ME SHOW YOU NEXT MONDAY!
3 MONDAY
BUT THESE NEW-FANGLED METHODS AREN'T THOROUGH.
THE RINSO METHODS ARE! RINSO MAKES WHITES SNOWY WITH JUST 2 MINUTES' BOILING, AND COLOUREDS COME UP BRILLIANT WITH 12 MINUTES' SOAKING. YOU WON'T HAVE TO RUB ANYTHING!
Rinso
4 LATER
NO NEED TO RUB, AUNTIE!
NO! THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL! AND THESE WHITES ARE DAZZLING. I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL AND GOT THE WHOLE WASH DONE HOURS EARLIER. I'LL USE RINSO FROM NOW ON!
5 TWO WEEKS LATER
AUNTIE, YOU'RE A PET TO THROW THIS MARVELLOUS PARTY FOR ME!
YOU DESERVE IT, PEGGY. THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR WONDERFUL RINSO METHODS I FEEL YOUNG AGAIN!
AND YOU LOOK IT, TOO, MY DEAR!

WASH BEATS ALL RECORDS FOR SPEED AND BRILLIANCE!

WOMEN who use these modern, scientific washing methods find they get an absolutely *brilliant* wash with no hard work at all. And they save time and fuel as well!

This is how t's done:

Whites get the Rinso 2-minute boil. Damp any extra-dirty places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Then pop the clothes into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds and bring them to the boil, as usual. But then boil them for only 2 minutes, and they'll be white as snow! And you'll save 30 minutes' fuel!

Coloureds get the Rinso 12-minute soak. No hard rubbing is needed. Put the clothes into a sinkful of hand-hot Rinso suds. Let them soak for 12 minutes, and they'll be beautiful!

Woollens and fine things need only a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds to be dainty and fresh!

Let Rinso transform washday for you as it has for thousands of other women! Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d. or 1/- for the new *Giant* size packet.

RINSO

R2751-663-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

CROSSWORD No. 148.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 36 is presented the 148th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at all these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, April 20, 1939. The process which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 36. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 23.

Yes! Inner Cleanliness should be the first rule! So turn to Andrews Liver Salt for deep-down Inner Cleanliness. Immediately you drink your tonic glass of Andrews it cleans the tongue. Next, it settles the stomach and corrects acidity, wakes up the liver and checks biliousness. And finally—to make your Inner Cleanliness complete—it clears the bowels gently and efficiently. Andrews is the delicious, inner-cleansing health drink. The same dose taken regularly, naturally corrects constipation, gives you *complete Inner Cleanliness and the buoyant health that follows.* Observe this foremost rule of health—Inner Cleanliness—by getting your own tin of Andrews to-day. 4 ozs. 9d. 8 ozs. 1/4.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS THE IDEAL TONIC LAXATIVE

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *ended in 3 minutes*

Without Razors, Electric Needles Or Smelly Depilatories

The Veet cuts off hair at the epidermis (skin)—leaves no ugly stubble which grows back coarser than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin* surface. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trade mark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and delicate. Use it every week for smoothness. End your superfluous hair troubles with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. 1/3 and 2/6. Trial size 6d.)

Take your coat off NOW!

DIG — rake — sow—plant — lift — divide —spray—prune . . . It's high time you got really busy in your garden! For best results get the April "Gardening." Follow its advice and your garden will contain bold masses of colour. Garden scents will steal into the house. The planting of your peas, beans or shallots will be a grand success. Any jobs you do yourself will turn up trumps. Here are a few of the contents of this "great-little" magazine: Planting the Herbaceous Border; Primroses for all Pockets; Lily Pool Construction; Annuals for the Rockery; Clematis, King of Hardy Climbers . . . 100 pages in all . . . hundreds of really *practical* hints. 93 photographs, diagrams and plans.

Order your copy to-day.

GARDENING

OUT APRIL 1st 6d.

23 Articles & Features—100 pages

Classrooms in the Air

Continued from page 28

what a nicely handled machine can put down.

Now away again as hard as we can leg it, because they'll have their pursuit craft out in a brace of jiffs, and once they spot us all our machine-gun nests won't save us from their furious spitting guns.

Up—and round—and up as hard as we can climb, because now comes the most ticklish bit of flying of all.

On the way back, we have orders to see what we can make of a balloon barrage—and there it is!

Vast anchored sausages, that dwarf our enormous bomber like black clouds dwarf an eagle. Only these "clouds" would bring us crashing in ruin if we fouled one. Up you young fool!—phew, that was a near one.

They are all at different heights; and between them in fantastic patterning, like a spider-web gone mad, stretch thin black threads of cables.

You'd think a steel-sheathed bomber like this could cut those silky threads; but they're as thick as my leg when you get near them, and charged with electricity enough to turn us into apple fritters.

ONLY just saved you there; you'll have to learn to hop over those cables quicker than—yes, like *that*!

In and out, up and down, pitching about to avoid the edges of the web of death, up and up to elude the pursuit 'planes on our tail.

And so to bed—or, at least, a fast, clean rush back to our base. It seems so easy, you could almost go to sleep, now that the guns and the defenders and the nightmare balloon barrage is left behind, miles away down the blue skies.

One of the things the war pilot of to-day has to learn is to attack places, not where great populations are concentrated, but where the things they need are kept.

Spies and counter-spies are working overtime just now around the great reservoirs of Europe. They are usually in wild, open country, without guns or defence aircraft.

AND it would be fairly easy for a couple of machines to drop down in a silent, seven-mile glide from 35,000 feet, spray the reservoir surface heavily with deadly poison quickly absorbed by the water, and wing their way home again.

As likely as not, no one would know what had happened until plague swept the population of some great city fifty or a hundred miles away, where the water led.

There are "innocent tourists" in Britain, Germany, Italy, France—and even the United States—this lovely springtime whose names are not the names they were born with, whose cheery gossip is directed by expert military knowledge.

They carry somewhere about them cypher lists of power stations, gasworks, factory areas, food and petrol dumps, new airfields building, and disused railway tunnels being turned into bomb-proof H.Q. for politicians.

Some never return. Maybe they have a sad accident and fall down a mountain-side when taking a peep through powerful glasses at the red glint of the setting sun on the distant reservoir waters.

Maybe there is some little disagreement with the police—which gets them into gaol. Only, although it's nobody's business, they don't come out again when the time is up. Maybe they just disappear.

Military Intelligence could tell you more about it, or the Special Branch of New Scotland Yard; or the O.G.P.U.; or the Gestapo of Germany. They could, but they won't.

THE youngsters in the new British aerodromes springing up everywhere have to be warned against these tourists.

Not only the plausible, cheery men among them, but also their ver'-charmeeng-an'-so-innocent young women. Because a woman can draw a map or jot down a military secret as accurately as a man these days.

And the youngsters get to know an awful lot about new types of weapons and machines.

Bits of those secret 'planes are brought from all over Britain. But when the lovely, gleaming things stand throbbing, ready for their first test flight, it is no day for the youngster. It is the turn of the Chief Test Pilot who gets no medals—the man they won't insure.

He comes a bit self-consciously up to the new machine, receives a nod from the designer (who is assuring 'em all that this is really the *goods*, old boy), a word of greeting from the directors (who look nervous), and an appraising, quiet glance from the quiet War Office expert—who has seen them crash before.

The Test Pilot, not looking a bit heroic in his old civilian clothes, takes a professional look round and moves off.

Down below, the field-glasses flash as they follow the 'plane. Perhaps an accompanying aircraft or two thunder along in the rear, to watch the works.

Now and then a new one falls out of the sky. Perhaps the Test Pilot jumps, with his little parachute behind him.

I don't. I did once, and was floated about to and fro over a main railway line for what seemed like hours. And every time a train went by under me I instinctively drew up my feet.

Since then, I won't wear a parachute. If I'm to die, let me die nicely, I say.

WHEN, three times, I've come a bump from the clouds I've kept enough pieces together to carry on again when the doctors had finished with me. So I don't think parachutes matter much.

In flying, you get like that. The youngsters are like it—the ones who are learning the game now.

They are a gallant lot, and a clever lot, and I don't think there's much wrong with them. I think the *Deutsche Wehr* was wrong in its estimate.

But—like every flying man of every nation I know—I pray the time will never come when we have to put all these slaughtering miracles to the test. I know just how devilish they are—*and I'm afraid!*

Human Machine

A Valid Test

IS there any test of the value of a man's achievements apart from any monetary value the world may put on them? Monetary value is a poor test.

The world's standards of value would often puzzle a Solomon to explain. A man's real ability does not often compare with mathematical exactitude with his financial rewards. We must look for some other test.

There is one, and it is quite a good one. The real test of a man, whether we apply it to his work, his character or his mental and intellectual level, is that of infectious quality.

When you see a man striving to do something as well as the next man, then you may be sure that the man he emulates has achieved something of value.

Look at the number of boys and young men who struggle to bat like Hobbs, or Sutcliffe, or Hutton. Watch the youngsters trying to model their football on Drake, or Bastin, or Bryn Jones. Watch people trying to play tennis like Tilden, or Budge, or Helen Moody.

This infectious quality of genuine achievement spreads far beyond the realms of play, of course. Budding orators model themselves on this famous statesman or on that. Writers try to imitate the masters. Playwrights and poets and painters all have their idols.

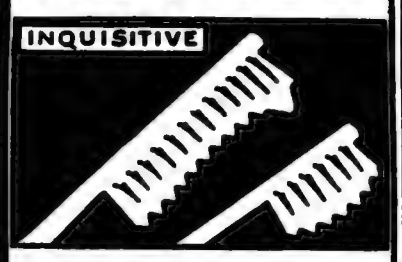
Religion offers the best example of all. The measure of the worth of any great man is the number who try to follow his example.

And if you can't make people want to emulate you, don't despise yourself on that account. Maybe, in any case, someone is looking up to you and trying to emulate you. You don't know!

But you don't need to worry yourself about that. Do a little hero-worshipping yourself. It won't do you any harm.

As long as your hero is a real achiever, you can only do yourself good by trying to reach his heights.

MERITOR REGD.



● EVERY TIME YOU SMILE FRIENDS SEE YOUR TEETH. KEEP THEM FIT WITH MERITOR TOOTHBRUSHES. BRUSH THEM TWICE A DAY. VISIT YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR. BUY MERITORS REGULARLY TO BE SURE OF A HEALTHY MOUTH

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MERITOR CHEMISTS' SUNDRIES

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An entirely new and genuine remedy is now offered to all sufferers from Rheumatism, Arthritis, Neuritis, Gout, Sciatica, etc. No baths, no dieting, no electric treatment. Send 3d. for sample and full particulars to:

The Rhumuv Co., Hallam Grange, Sheffield, 10.

DROPPED CUPS—PICKED UP CASH!

Mrs. M. P. Walker.

"It's not serious if they get chipped a bit." CUPS was the answer to this clue, thought Mrs. M. P. Walker, 73, The Crescent, Blackpool. Then, thinking of her best china, this boarding-house proprietress rejected that word in favour of CORS, remembering that "chipped" could be taken to mean "chaffed."

Completing her JOHN BULL Crossword in this common-sense way brought Mrs. Walker a £50 cheque. Turn to page 36, and by working out a series of such little problems a fine Life Pension of £5 Monthly, bringing you over £1,200 in the next twenty years and continuing for the rest of your days.

HAIR FALLING OUT?

Each bottle of Pure Silvikrin contains enough organic hair-food to increase the growth of hair by 35%

Brilliant research combines in Silvikrin the 14 natural ingredients of human hair

At last the problems of falling hair, baldness, dandruff, etc., have been solved by that brilliant bio-chemist, Dr. Weidner. He discovered that for healthy growth the hair must have 14 separate, natural ingredients; and he combined them in Silvikrin. Silvikrin is therefore the hair's natural food. It stops falling hair, banishes dandruff and grows new, healthy hair.

Dear Sirs,
Six months ago I suffered acutely from dandruff . . . was in danger of losing my hair. I tried Silvikrin. Now have thick head of hair. All traces of dandruff have vanished. (Sgd.) *R. Baddeley, 124 Alexandra Rd., N.W.8* (Photo. below)

SILVIKRIN LOTION
For slight dandruff, hair beginning to fall, limp hair, weak hair—the perfect dressing that will restore the health and natural lustre of the hair. Price 1/6, 3/6 and 8/- per bottle.

PURE SILVIKRIN
For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches—threatening baldness. Grows new hair. Bottle 6/-, sufficient for one month. *From all chemists, hairdressers and stores.*

Silvikrin
DOES GROW HAIR

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR 9d. ONLY

A Revelation

AT NINEPENCE PER OUNCE

Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists

Here is the name!

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **9d**

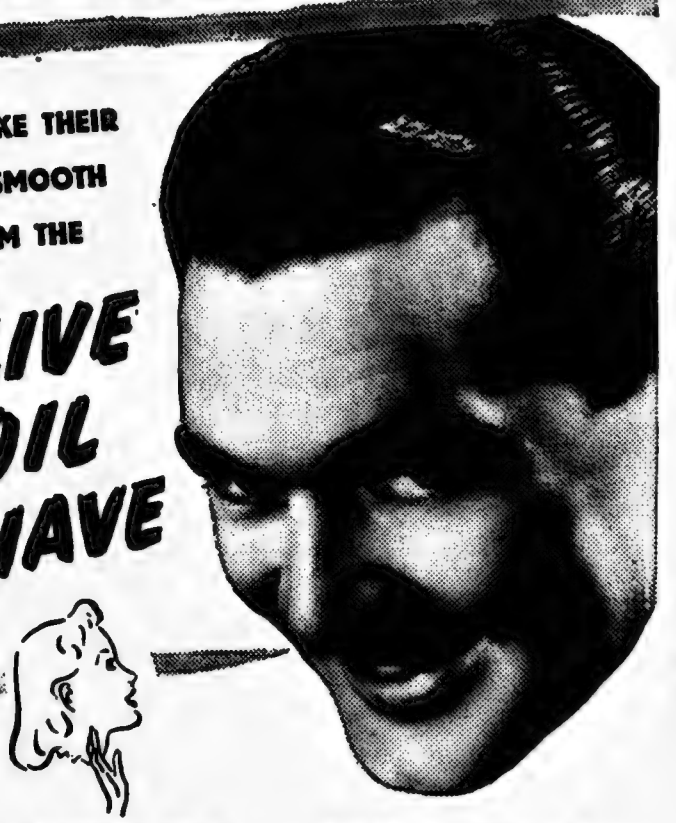
'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets 8d. *Two-ounce tins* **1/6**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

WOMEN DISLIKE DUSKY SIDE-PIECES

THEY LIKE THEIR MEN SMOOTH FROM THE

OLIVE OIL SHAVE



Make *yours* a Palmolive shave —it's never hard on your skin. It's a clean shave and a smooth shave, made extra-sympathetic by the olive oil in its make-up. Try it tomorrow morning!

5 REASONS WHY PALMOLIVE IS THE MOST POPULAR SHAVING CREAM

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

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6/- NOW

Supplied Impregnated Belts or Mesh as desired.

For **MIGRAINE LIVER, NERVES**

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The GREAT HEALTH ADJUSTER
Of all Chemists: 3/6 box of 4 tubes. Economy Box (15 tubes—10 weeks' supply) 10/6. Single Tubes 1/-.

FREE 1/- Book—Write for "Life in Full Measure." —128 pages of vital information. (If you wish you may enclose 1d. stamp for postage, etc.)

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"My" he says ITS AS GOOD ... there's nothing as good as

TOP MILL SNUFF

SEND THIS COUPON TO DAY FOR FREE BOOK ABOUT **RUPTURE**

To the BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. LTD., (5488), 80 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. (5488), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book showing New Reduced Prices and full information about your Appliance for Rupture, also your Ten Days' Free Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

Reader's Story by Miss J. Robinson, 17, Yew Tree Road, Edgbaston

The Rock Idol

It was a huge misshapen mass with a big roughly rounded headstone . . . . not unlike a gigantic ogre

IF my father, a clergyman, and my Uncle Tom, a schoolmaster, had not been so interested in fusty old stones on Dartmoor, we should never have been in the predicament we were.

Silly, it seemed to me, when they argued heatedly, dawdled about examining those old stones on the moor, and lost all sense of time.

The three of us—I, a girl of sixteen—set out one fine morning by cycle to explore a place called Gidleigh which, according to Uncle Tom, was once the centre of a great tribe of stone idol worshippers.

Daddy, on the other hand, said Drewsteinton, not far away (which he explained meant "Druids' Town on the Teigh"), was the tribe's encampment.

It didn't seem much to fuss over, but they got heated, and so did I. But for another reason—we were constantly pushing our machines up stiff hills that never seemed to end.

Father and Uncle were busy talking of the old Druids. I was not listening carefully, but one thing Uncle said interested me. "All the most important stone gods wobbled their heads as if they were alive," he was announcing. "The ignorant people grovelling on their faces thought they were."

Daddy told me how the Druids managed to balance a stone at the head by hollowing out a cup. Although the headstone was sometimes enormous, it was so perfectly balanced that the slightest touch of the finger would set it rocking to and fro for quite a time, he said.

"YOU'LL see," my Uncle told me when he saw I was still incredulous. "I'm taking you to see a real stone giant and we will make his head rock for your benefit."

It was a long mile off the road. We had to clamber over the rock-strewn turf, and my footsteps lagged more and more for we could not ride more than a few yards.

"Look!" cried my Uncle, who had gone ahead. When we caught up and looked at the scene below I felt disappointed.

Almost at our feet lay a long avenue of shapeless, lichen-covered stones, stuck upright in the grass, and beyond them a number of scarred tors or great rocks.

Not a tree was in sight, no sign of any human habitation, only great granite rocks and moorland. Farther away stood a big solitary rock on an incline. Never had I seen a more desolate spot.

"There's the rock idol," said Uncle Tom excitedly, pointing to the solitary rock. "Go and look at it closely, Judy."

Sheltered in the shadow of one of the great rocks we enjoyed our much-delayed lunch. The idol looked down at us from across a narrow valley of grass.

It was a huge, misshapen mass, with a big, roughly rounded headstone, and through the sunny haze it was not unlike a gigantic ogre.

After lunch we lazed on the grass and drowsed. Drowsed! When I opened my eyes and glanced at my wrist-watch it was past five o'clock. We had slept nearly three hours, and the two men seemed as if they would sleep till nightfall.

The westering sun was glinting on the idol rock opposite. I was about to awake Uncle Tom when something made me catch my breath.

Was I dreaming? Distinctly I saw that the head of the giant rock was swaying from side to side. It was sinister, terrifying.

I plucked at Uncle Tom's sleeve.

"Wake up," I cried. "Something is happening. The idol! It's wobbling its head!"

He sat up and yawned. So did my father. They stared across at the great rock.

"That's funny," said Daddy. "What's causing it?"

"I don't know," replied Uncle. "But I'll go and see. You two wait here."

He disappeared behind the tor. The huge head still continued to rock almost as though it belonged to a live monster. We waited. But there was no sign of Uncle Tom.

"JUDY," said Daddy, "you stay here and I'll go and see what's the matter."

"I'm coming too," I said.

Together we crossed to the idol rock. The head was still wobbling as we reached the back. There, in a recess, tied and bound with his own braces, lay Uncle Tom. There was a gag in his mouth.

In a moment two men rushed on us from behind an outlying spur, waving thick sticks threateningly. One glance was sufficient. I grabbed my father's arm.

"Convicts, Daddy!" I gasped. "They've escaped!"

They had discarded most of their prison garb, but their close-cropped heads and something in their faces gave them away.

The taller of the two jumped about wildly. He was an Irishman.

"More of ye!" he yelled. "Hands up, ye spalpeens, or we'll brain ye!"

I sprang back and began to scream.

"None of that!" ordered the other. "Shut up and we won't hurt yer. We want yer cash, that's all."

He searched my father, taking all he could find, including a gold watch. Then he grabbed my handbag.

"I am afraid this robbery with violence will only make your punishment worse," exclaimed Daddy.

"This was our hide-out, and we didn't know you was about till your mate shoved 'is nose round the corner," he retorted.

"Then why did you draw attention to yourselves?" asked Daddy. "You rocked that Logan stone."

"Oh, that!" sniffed the man contemptuously. "Paddy thought it was funny. I told him it might be a give-away if the police were abart."

"It brought us luck, begor!" cried the Irishman gleefully.

My father looked at him. He was stern-faced.

"You don't know," he said, "that to tamper with these ancient stones brings bad luck?"

The Irishman's smile disappeared. But the other laughed it off.

"Not so far it ain't," he commented. "We've scooped near five quid off of you all, and we wanted it. Nah we mean to pinch yer bikes down there and make a get-away before you can split."

WARNING us not to give them away, they hurried off, leaving us to release poor Uncle Tom, who was speechless with indignation.

Night was falling when three forlorn persons, exhausted and penniless, found their way back to the road. Fortunately, we hadn't to go far before a police car discovered us.

The officers were searching for the two convicts, who had got out of Princetown.

Later that night the men were caught riding our bicycles along a highway. If they had kept to the moors they might have got away. But my father had been right.

The curse of the idol had found two more victims.

Five Guineas

is offered for your real life adventure story, if accepted, length not exceeding 1,200 words. A stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable should be enclosed.

Protection Prevents Panic

SHE was working in her Glasgow kitchen when she heard it—the shriek of a neighbour: "Your house is on fire!"

The same imperative voice told her that smoke and flame were pouring out of her bedroom window.

No time for panic, decided that Scottish housewife. Within thirty seconds she had swept her children out of the house.

That done, she went to the bedroom, flung open the door and then, finding the whole room ablaze, ran out to summon the brigade.

For half an hour the firemen fought to save the little home. But, although they quelled the fire, the contents of the bedroom, and other treasured possessions as well, had been destroyed.

There was yet another misfortune to add to the family's worry.

Foreseeing the possibility of some such tragedy as this, the husband had protected his home and his family through the unique free family insurance scheme of JOHN BULL.

He had sent us the necessary registration coupon. And we had sent him an acknowledgment.

But that acknowledgment, his only proof that he was insured, he thought was in ashes, mixed with those of the piano, the electric vacuum-cleaner and the other debris.

Still, he wrote to JOHN BULL, trusting hoping. . . . **And his trust was not misplaced.**

Our cheque to make good the damage was soon in his hands. And back came a letter of acknowledgment glowing with gratitude. His wife wrote: "I want to thank you specially for the extra trouble caused by the loss of my certificate in the flames."

* * *

That's the kind of protection JOHN BULL gives you and yours in exchange for your signature.

But it must be on the coupon provided. You'll find it on page 2. Why don't you sign *now*?

ARE YOU CLEANING ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round—disinfects and deodorises.

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

HEART TROUBLE AFTER 'FLU

This Tonic will give your Heart a New Lease of Life—and it is the Finest Possible After Colds, Coughs and Winter Ailments.

HERE is a tonic which makes a new man or woman of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, life is worth living.

It picks you up after a Cold or the 'Flu or illness or in changeable weather. It is the World's Best Tonic. It is known as **"Blue Lion Fox Nuts"** (Prescription **632**) and will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents Palpitation, Faintness, Heart Failure, Tremblings, Run-Down conditions, and Stops that "falling-to-pieces feeling" after the 'Flu.

Trial Size **1/-** (25). Other Sizes **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

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Mail Order Dept.,
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Below are examples of Shadforth's Prescriptions most in use at this season of the year. They are the world's best prescriptions. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a leading Pharmaceutical Chemist is your guarantee.

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Smooths Out the Problems of Middle Life.

JUST the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2457**—the critical time tonic. Trial size 1/- (25). Other sizes 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

The Shadforth Booklet for Women (No. J.B.345). Post Free.

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(HAIR FALLING OUT IN PATCHES).

Here is a Cream which makes hair grow on bald spots (alopecia) if promptly applied. It is an unfailing remedy in Scurf, Scaly Eczema, and Ringworm, and most cases of Psoriasis. Ask for **Alopecia Prescription No. 636.** In jars at 1/9 and 4/-. The best soap to use in cases of Psoriasis, Hair Trouble, Scurf, and similar skin troubles is **Shadforth Birch Tar Soap (No. 930)**, costs 1/- per tablet. The best internal medicine is Potassium. Take this in the form of **Vi-Gatis** (the new Potassium Table-salt) with each meal. Price 6d. and 1/2. **Prescription No. 1250.** It nourishes the hair and prevents it going grey.

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COLD IN THE NOSE

CATARRH.

An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in "Shadrinol." It is packed with a pipette for placing drops in the nose and with a spray for applying to the back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat.

Complete with directions. Price 1/3 (including pipette) and 2/6 (including pipette and atomiser).

Prescription No. 1466XL.

The Shadforth Booklet (No. J.B.348) on this subject is supplied Post Free.

CHEST COLDS

STOP COUGHING ALL NIGHT WITH THE "SHADFORTH" CHEST & LUNG TONIC.

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Winter Coughs, Colds, and Chest Troubles in Adults, when Asthma and Bronchitis are absent. Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients. When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic.

Shadforth Prescription No. 617.

Price 1/6 (makes 1 pint), 3/- (makes 2 pints).

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Your face needs something special. Only the finest and purest ingredients are used in Shadforth's Face Soap—the soap that really helps the complexion. It contains the finest face powder, and leaves a faint bloom after drying. It does not lather like ordinary soap. It is for the face only. **Price 1/-** (Prescription No. 925).

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Pools Parliament

This is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MORE PENNY POOL TABLES

I OFTEN get requests from readers who want me to amend my pools tables in accordance with their own special ideas.

The latest seems to me to express a wish that many other readers will share, so I give it in detail.

Says this reader: I am a penny pool enthusiast, and I have found many of the tables you have given in Pools Parliament very useful. But I think I have found one snag.

You published, recently, the following three-way table for four matches which guarantees at least three correct results in one column:

2 1 x x 2 1 1 x 2
1 x 2 1 x 2 1 x 2
1 x 2 x 2 1 2 1 x
2 2 2 1 1 1 x x x

This does the job, but each possible result—win, draw or lose—is regarded as equally likely, whereas in practice one result is usually more likely than any of the others.

I think it would be better to have a table in which the probable result of each match appears more often than the other two alternatives, and thus has more chance of providing the all-correct column

I expect it would take more lines, but it would be worth it.

Can you give us some more penny pool tables on these lines, please?—W. B. T., London, N.W.6.

First of all I should explain that the table you quote is designed to cover the four most tricky games on a penny pool list. That is to say, the games in which any result *is* equally likely to happen.

However, if you want to try to forecast these games, here is a table to help you. It allows for one mistake in your forecast for four matches.

The first column contains all the results you expect and the remaining eight columns are designed to correct one error in these forecasts. For the example I have taken 1 x 2 2 as the original forecast.

The markings which are different from the first column are all shown in heavy type, so that you can see how to mark these nine columns for any set of original forecasts.

1 x 2 1 1 1 1 1 1
x x x 1 2 x x x x
2 2 2 2 2 1 x 2 2
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 x

Note that *one forecast* is changed in each column, and so, if either three or four of your original forecasts are correct, one of the nine columns will contain an all-correct forecast.

If only two of your original forecasts are correct, one of the columns will have three correct results. There is no point in allowing for a bigger margin of error, because if your forecasting is as faulty as that it would be better to use the guaranteed permutation you quote in your letter.

Here is a smaller table to cover three matches. Assuming your original forecasts for the three games are 1 1 2, the following seven columns will give an all-correct column, provided either two or three of your original forecasts are right. As before, the alterations from the first column are shown in heavy type.

1 x 2 1 1 1 1
1 1 1 x 2 1 1
2 2 2 2 2 1 x

Waste of Money

In a five-results pool would you recommend a full permutation of the matches in 243 lines? Sometimes the dividends are very high and one would be sure of a dividend every week. How would it work out on the average?—G. T. T., Cardiff.

Most definitely not recommended. You would be betting against the odds all the time. Even if every punter just guessed at the results the dividends would only average round about 200 to 1. In practice, they are below this, and the occasional big week would not compensate for steady losses.

For a Shared Entry

Will you please recommend a marking system for the seven-results pool chosen from thirty-four matches. I want to choose three bankers, plus six other selections for permutation. I don't have much difficulty in getting my bankers right, but I cannot arrange the other selections properly. Anything up to eighteen lines will do, as I can get two friends to come in with me.—F. W. B., Wirral.

You will require a fifteen-column entry for this. It is not necessary to write out all the columns, as the pools will accept the short method of marking shown here. Mark all your selections in one column on your coupon as follows:

1 } Bankers.
1
1

1 } Any four from these. (15 columns.)
1
1
1
1

Too Many Columns

Can you give me the number of columns needed to permute sixteen matches in the ten-results pool? If possible, I should like to have the actual markings shown.—J. M., Ammanford.

I can't oblige with the markings, as what you ask for would take 8,008 columns! As I have often explained, the most that can be done in a moderate entry for the ten-results pool is to allow for one or two errors in selection. To allow for as many as six mistakes is out of the practical range.

Eight-Results Markings

I concentrate on the eight-homes-failing-to-win pool. Can you give me a permutation of not more than six lines to cover twelve teams? If you think twelve teams too many, I would welcome your suggestions.—S K., Poplar, E.14.

Twelve teams are a bit awkward to handle in the number of columns you require. I suggest ten selections arranged as follows in five columns:

3 3 3 3 —
3 3 3 — 3
3 3 — 3 3
3 — 3 3 3
— 3 3 3 3
3 3 3 3 —
3 3 3 — 3
3 3 — 3 3
3 — 3 3 3
— 3 3 3 3

If any nine selections are correct, a winning column is ensured by the above method. With eight correct selections, the chance of winning is one in nine.

Permutation for Aways

I am interested in the four-aways pool. Can you give me the best possible markings for fifteen teams arranged in twelve lines without bankers?—R. W., Barwell.

I would not recommend you to make as many as fifteen selections for the aways pool. There are very few weeks in which so many likely aways can be found. Below is a twelve-column table for nine selections. If any six selections are correct a winning line is ensured.

2 2 2 2 2 2 — — — — — —
2 2 2 — — — 2 2 2 — — —
— — — 2 2 2 2 2 2 — — —
2 — — 2 — — 2 — — 2 2 —
— — 2 — 2 — 2 — — 2 — 2
— 2 — — 2 — — 2 — 2 2 —
— 2 — — — 2 — 2 — 2 — 2
2 — — — — 2 — — 2 — 2 2
— — 2 2 — — — 2 — 2 2 —

Pool fans who invest in small amounts should watch the *Sporting Life Weekly* every Saturday for special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of the many useful features included in the *Weekly's* comprehensive pools service.

Graded Guide Pools and Chart

By "Poolex" (Copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, April 1.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, avoid games marked *; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

April 1, 1939.

		A	B	C
1	Wolves v. Chelsea	1	x	
2	Celtic v. Arbroath	1	x	*
3	Manchester C. v. Notts F.	1	x	
4	Rangers v. Queen's P.	1	x	
5	St. Johnstone v. Partick	1	x	
6	Brentford v. Leicester	1	2	
7	Everton v. Stoke	1	x	
8	Newport v. Mansfield	1	x	
9	Aston Villa v. Preston	1	2	
10	Notts C. v. Southend	1	x	*
11	Wrexham v. Accrington	1	x	
12	Carlisle v. New Brighton	1	x	
13	Fulham v. Norwich	1	x	
14	Port Vale v. Bristol R.	1	2	*
15	Chesterfield v. Tottenham	1	x	*
16	Watford v. Reading	1	x	
17	Hamilton v. Clyde	1	x	
18	Portsmouth v. Birmingham	1	x	*
19	Grimsby v. Bolton	1	2	*
20	Third Lanark v. Motherwell	1	x	
21	Arsenal v. Middlesbrough	1	2	
22	Huddersfield v. Manchester U.	1	x	
23	Bristol C. v. Cardiff	1	2	
24	Aberdeen v. Queen of S.	1	2	*
25	Blackburn v. W.B.A.	1	x	
26	St. Mirren v. Hibernian	1	2	*
27	West Ham v. Sheffield U.	1	2	
28	Hearts v. Raith R.	1	x	
29	Sunderland v. Charlton	1	2	
30	Derby v. Leeds	1	2	
31	Aldershot v. Exeter	1	x	
32	Crewe v. Barrow	1	2	
33	Swansea v. Southampton	1	x	
34	Rotherham v. Hull	1	x	
35	Torquay v. Bournemouth	1	x	*
36	Southport v. Chester	1	x	
37	Sheffield W. v. Luton	2	1	
38	Bradford v. Coventry	2	x	
39	Hartlepools v. Oldham	2	1	
40	Millwall v. Newcastle	2	x	
41	Rochdale v. Lincoln	2	1	
42	Tranmere v. Burnley	2	x	
43	Blackpool v. Liverpool	2	1	
44	Doncaster R. v. Bradford C.	2	x	
45	York v. Stockport	2	x	
46	Crystal P. v. Ipswich	2	1	
47	Clapton O. v. Walsall	2	x	
48	Bury v. Plymouth	2	1	*
49	Swindon v. Brighton	2	x	
50	Ayr v. Falkirk	2	x	*
51	Darlington v. Halifax	2	1	*
52	Albion R. v. Kilmarnock	2	x	
53	Gateshead v. Barnsley	2	x	
54	Northampton v. Q.P.R.	2	1	

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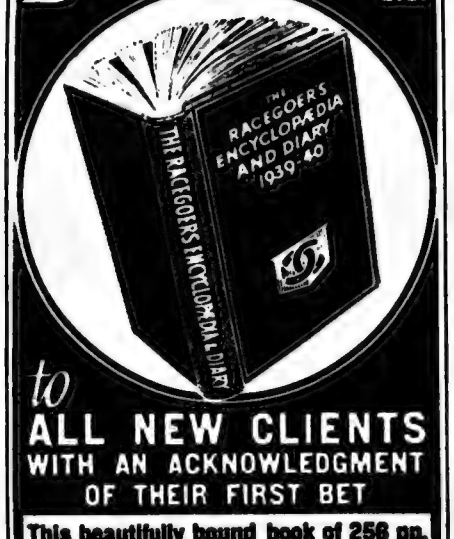

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poisons all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

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SECURITY.
Present and Future.

Here is an opportunity that ensures well-paid and interesting employment for many years ahead. . . Fitters, boilermakers, Coppersmiths, Instrument Makers, also Fitters and Turners are needed for the Royal Navy. Period of Service, 12 years—with opportunity to re-engage for a further ten years and qualify for a life pension of about £48 a year!

See your local Recruiting Officer, whose address will be found in the Free Booklet, "The Royal Navy as a Career and How to Join It," obtainable from any Post Office, or write to

The Recruiting Staff Officer (Artificers), 85, Whitehall, S.W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free Details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 837), 17-29, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces. — Prospective recruits (aged 19-23) should apply for free copy to (B.T.I. Dept. 903), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 831), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS.—Send to-day for Free Booklet "Salesmanship." to Dept. 19, WALLACE HARTWOOD COLLEGE, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 2/6 1,000; other printing cheap. Samples free with leaflets.—Business Reps. - Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not increase by post? — the modern method of business! Advertise bargain line in John Bull's "Shop Window" and reach millions of readers all over the country. One advertiser reports that from a single advertisement received over 800 orders for a 2/6 article. A mail order department has been made a local business into a national one. Start small, grow big. Apply Advertisement Manager, John Bull, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Development Dept., John Bull, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE
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A line averages six words.
Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats & Novelties, Wigs, etc. Send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 8, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS.—Let Mrs. Howard, of 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth, give you her expert advice on dressing the modern Baby. Home-made 78-piece Layettes for only 30/-. Also choicest quality, 42/-.

GARDENING.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6, or 3/-, down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent

GET a copy of the Fluvex Handy Guide to Gardening, Poultry-keeping and Garden Shed Construction. 56-pages—thousands of hints. A book to refer to every day of the year. You can get it for 3d., post free. Write, mentioning John Bull, enclosing 3d. in stamps, to The Ruberoid Co. Ltd., 139, Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

It wins in a canter
Yes, "Digger" carries the weight of the betting on any smoking programme. It is a 'stayer' for quality. Eightpence an ounce is the 'starting-price,' and smokers who back it for a place in their pipe find they are on a winner every time. Remember, "DIGGER" HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO.
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FLAKE SHAG PLUG MIXTURE HONEYDEW
PLAYER'S
DIGGER
TOBACCOS
PD70

WONDERFUL Jewellery Catalogue—Free. Ciro creations challenge the closest comparison with find real jewellery, however expensive. Send at once for Ciro's latest Catalogue of Rings, Pearls and Jewels—all on easy terms—by writing, mentioning John Bull, to Ciro, 48, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

A FREE Style Leaflet, giving full particulars, prices, etc., of the latest and best in Weathercoats for men and women can be obtained by writing to Dept. 24, Chas. Macintosh & Co., Ltd., Bridport Road, Edmonton, London, N.18. C.M. Weathercoats are smart and wonderful value. Waterproofs from 10/6. Raincoats from 21/-. Send for free Leaflet. See page 24.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry—but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept Poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1938 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem—that makes poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.22, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of Cephos will quickly convince you of effectiveness of this Harley Street Physician's Remedy for Headaches and Colds. Does not affect the heart. Safe and certain. Send p.c.—CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured. Booklet free.—Write or Call, Blundens, Dept. 129E, 9, Oxford Street, W.1.

A FREE Sample of Urace brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered on p. 25.

DON'T overlook the free bonus trial offers of remedies for common ailments on page 33. Free booklets can also be obtained.

ARE You Ruptured? For comfort wear the Appliance illustrated in the advt. of London Surgical Co. on page 3. Note the low prices.

SUFFERERS from rheumatism are offered a sample of a new remedy on page 30. 3d. stamp will bring this and full particulars from The Rhumuv Co., Hallam Grange, Sheffield, 10.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONFIDENTIAL Home Curative Treatment, also Figure, etc. Low fee. Write: Sandow, Dept. J., Chicago Bldg., Liverpool, 1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

THORN'S Garden Sheds and Greenhouses are easily erected. All in sections. Just bolt together—that's all. Models in Cedar or Deal. Lowest prices. From 2/- down. Catalogue free:—Thorn's (Box 23), Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

BE a first-rate "Swing" Pianist in six concise lessons. Turn to page 23 and send for free 20 pages Prospectus, giving full details of the Jules Ruben System.

HOLIDAYS are coming.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the French Hotel Plan (London), Ltd., 103, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, for Easter/Summer Programmes.

COLGATE'S Ribbon Dental Cream makes teeth sparkle. Its penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices and removes the decaying food deposits that cause dull, dingy teeth and tooth decay. The 1/- size is now reduced to 10½d. See page 27.

ALWAYS insist on the best and buy John West's Middle-cut Salmon. You can't buy a better brand of Salmon. John West's is the plumpest part of a prime fish, gently cooked to mouth-watering tenderness—a feast for a hungry family. See page 23.

FREE.—Hundreds of free gifts can be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons, so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.E.82, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a free gift booklet and voucher. See page 28.

KEEP your teeth fit with a Meritor Tooth Brush, which has sterilised long-life bristles. Sold in hygienic wrapping—long or short heads—pleasing colours at prices for every pocket. See page 30.

WOMEN, girls and men. Write to Dept. J.B.2, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd, Victoria Road, London, N.W.10, and a copy of an informative and useful booklet will be sent to you by return.

DOCTORS and Scientists use Horlicks in hospital test. Read about it in the announcement on page 29. If you want to awake refreshed and with greatly increased energy and vitality, start taking Horlicks to-night. It can be obtained from all chemists and grocers.

USE a Halex Tooth Brush—its stiff, springy bristles clean out every nook and cranny and polish your teeth to gleaming whiteness and massage your gums to a firm and healthy pink. You have the choice of 9 shapes at 6d. to 2/-. Halex are British made.

HERE'S a unique opportunity for every John Bull reader to try and enjoy Weetabix—the new cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is write, mentioning John Bull, to Weetabix, Ltd. Dept. (J.B.4), Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 1½d. stamp. Offer appears in p 23.

FREE to mothers. Valuable book. "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood. Also Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.P.311), 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

48-PAGE Book free. Tells all about a 7-day Trial Offer and how to develop strong muscles—how you can get fit and remain fit. Also particulars of how you can win a free round trip to the New York World's Fair!—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Charles Atlas (Dept. 13/Q), 2, Dean Street, London, W.1.

TO those who have not yet experienced the delight of a Camp Holiday, write, mentioning John Bull, to Dept. J.B., Northney Holiday Camp, Hayling Island, Hants, for full particulars contained in a free illustrated brochure explaining E. J. Warner's Ideal Holiday Camps at Devereourt, Hayling Island, Seaton (Devon), and Ryde (I.O.W.).

Win £5 MONTHLY FOR LIFE OR LUMP SUM OF £3,500 Cash

FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD

Up to £200 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

Sum of £100 will be shared between Runners-up—and each Runner-up whose entry was one of 1s. 6d. or over receives DOUBLE PRIZE MONEY!

EXTRA 2 DAYS TO ENTER THIS WEEK · and EACH 4th ENTRY FREE!

Look out for a MONSTER OFFER NEXT WEEK!

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of six-pence for each two squares submitted, and each entrant is limited to 16 squares including 4 FREE squares.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Saturday, April 8, 1939.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 20. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, April 25, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 29.

FREE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN LIFE PENSION!
Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. 6d. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Life Pension Offer. Coupons on page 29. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Usually shows greediness when eating
3. Good one isn't likely to be cause of collision
7. There's knack in throwing one properly
8. Letting one brings profit to seaside landlady
10. Swiss mountain
12. It may be hard to refrain from giving this when one is very sad
15. There may be a number of different kinds of grass in one
16. It is difficult to get in this at times
19. Maintains
20. It's annoying to be caught out in one
21. Dictator keeps his people in this

DOWN CLUES

1. Even intelligent film fans would do this if they met their favourite stars
2. Inform
4. Dressmaker occasionally has to sew on
5. It might be dangerous for an inexperienced circus hand to handle one
6. Good one frequently fails
9. Thanks to our climate picnic party sometimes ends in
11. There may be trouble if these are allowed to escape
12. Workers sometimes have easier time when their foreman is this
13. It might be useful for farmer to have this
14. If new one goes well from the start it's likely to be a lasting success
17. One in the right place might result in wanted man being found
18. Word denoting consent

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 148, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.2 (Comp.).

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 148. Closing Postmark, Sat., April 8, 1939

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING POSTMARK ALTERED FOR THIS WEEK TO SAT., APRIL 8.

15 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 145

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 145 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following fifteen competitors:—

R. RINNIE, Standburn Rd., Avonbridge, Stirlingsh.; F. C. BIRCH, 7, Vicarage Cotts., Chaddleton, nr. Leek, Staffs; MRS. R. COX, "Heathbury," Fryern Court Rd., Fordingbridge, Hants; MRS. C. DAVIES, 27, Pingrove Gdns., Rochdale; MRS. W. DREW, 72, Oxford St., Derby; J. ELLIS, 61, Lansdowne Rd., Thornaby-on-Tees, Yorks; MISS L. A. GRIFFITHS, 238, Shustoke Rd., Hatton Park, Birmingham, 18; MISS E. HEDLEY, St. Joseph's, Skipton Rd., Harrogate; F. HODSON, Sandcliff, Deods Way, Reigate, Surrey; W. HOWIESON, 160, Cowcaddens Rd., Motherwell; J. E. JONES, 44, Calton Rd., Edinburgh; D. W. MARTIN, 622, Whitton Rd., Scotswood, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 5; R. J. REA, 1, Fillebrook Rd., Leytonstone, E.11; E. A. SAWYER, 6 Manor Way, Worthing; MRS. E. STOTT, 63, Bruce Ave., Nr. Warrens Estate, Barnsley.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £500 and a cheque for £22 2s. 9d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, April 4, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 272 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 7s. 5d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of the entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

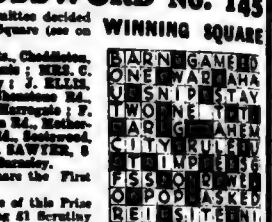
WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. BARN. 3. GAME. 6. SHIP. 7. STAY. 9. BEAT or NETT. 11. CITY. 12. RULE. 17. POP. 18. ASKED. 20. MINK. 21. HEAT.
DOWN.—1. BOUT. 2. RAT. 4. WING. 5. HAYE. 7. STALE. 8. WAITS. 10. MUG. 12. MOPE. 14. SEEN. 15. FORM. 16. RATE. 19. DEE.

BONUS WINNER IN CROSSWORD No. 142.

The £10 Cash Bonus offered to "Good Shot" winners in Crossword No. 142 has been claimed by the following successful entrant: Mrs. E. G. Frizzel, County Buildings, Jedburgh, Scotland.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those now in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point NEAT and NETT were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINES

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here. | Affix 1½d. Stamp Here.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on NEW BLOT-FREE "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin."

I want (a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

Name.... .....

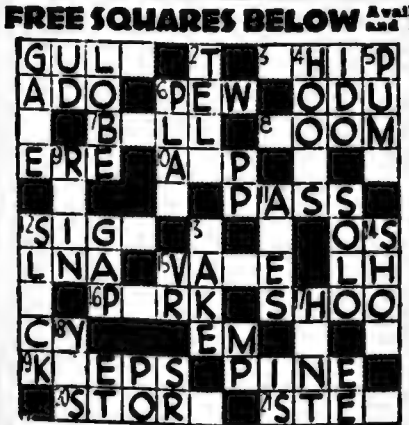
Address .....

N.B.—Enclose with entry or post direct to: "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.1

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 148. Closing Postmark, Sat., April 8, 1939

FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 148 and if accompanied by paid entries value 1s. 6d.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

The Editor Laughs Last

Bill (Troon).—"Table-tennis is one of the most strenuous indoor games there is." We agree . . . !

Annie (Mayfield).—"A troupe of performing elephants passed the house where I work and made several cups fall off the kitchen table." That's your story and you're sticking to it?

K. L. (Melksham).—"In times of national shortage, synthetic food could be made from wood." But how many people would like to tackle an underdone steak.

T. R. (Cheam).—"I'm sorry to notice that table-dressing is becoming fashionable again." Well, if waitresses persist in taking no notice of the bell, one must do something.

A. K. (Iver).—"A London restaurant, where Lancashire food is served, is patronised by many eminent people." So it's quite common to see a hot pot tackling a hot pot?

A. G. (Nuneaton).—Do you know what your neighbour often does with his wireless set?" Your goat?

W. B. (Wantage).—"I wonder what it is that makes some people dislike jazz bands?" Jazz bands, no doubt.

D. V. G. (Clapham). "He yawned several times in the middle of my speech." Well, he knew what was coming.

A. C. (Guildford).—"Our faces are becoming smaller, according to a scientist." But hats are as liable to swell as ever.

P. K. (Rugby).—"I have had the same gramophone for the last thirty years." If not the same neighbours, we'll forget.

Chep (London, W.).—"Tripe can be variously prepared in many ways." One is to give it a gaudy cover and put it on a bookstall.

J. L. (Yarmouth).—"Is it really true that sailors have a sweetheart in every port?" Of course it is not—they do not stay at every port.

F. N. (London, N.).—"Many of our so-called smart men-about-town lack balance in their general appearance." Still, you could hardly expect those who wear a monocle to don one spat.

> ● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write today, marking your envelope "Free advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Percy (Tooting).—"What, exactly, is untold wealth?" What isn't mentioned on an income-tax form.

D. A. (Darwen).—"I've told my wife to give up making cakes." Do you think she's too frail for such heavy work?

L. R. (Enfield).—"We went hiking to discover the beauties of the countryside and do you know what we hailed most eagerly?" A bus.

B. M. (Bagshot).—"My wife must know that even a worm will turn." Why, does she make you help with the mangling?

L. M. (Surrey).—"Can you suggest suitable trees for planting in a nudist colony?" Well, our apple trees never seem to have anything on.

R. P. (Cambridge).—"The chemistry professor left without any warning for an unknown destination." Did something go wrong with an experiment?

E. V. (Truro).—"What happens to a spy if he refuses to name to his captors the country he is working for?" There's no telling.

L. P. (Deal).—"I moved because I didn't like the idea of a doctor practising in the flat above." Naturally one doesn't want to be always under the doctor.

K. D. (Poole).—"I know a business man who always pays his staff with five-shilling pieces." Anyway, they can't complain about not receiving big money.

Psychologist (Highgate). — "A pickpocket should be pitied. He just can't help himself." Oh, can't he!

R. Y. (Filey).—"My new suit is generally admired, but I don't care much for it myself—there seems to be no give in the material." Is it a Scotch tweed?

Aspirant (Leeds).—"Have you an opening for a poet of real genius?" Certainly—several doors and any number of windows.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

The Star:—"... will attend a **deception** at the County Hall."

News Chronicle:—"... which started with a **suburb** performance of Brahms Tragic Overture ..."

Lincolnshire Standard:—"... was then presented with three handsome cut-glass table **howls**."

Kentish Express:—"There were no **owers** by request ..."

Bristol Evening World:—"Sheep are buried in **frocks**."

Liverpool Evening Express:—"Portsmouth had no fewer than six **coroners** in the first ten minutes."

Pontypridd Observer:—".. together with **humorous** other friends who met at the cemetery."

S. V. (Clacton).—"Bow legs are a sign of bravery." Sometimes the owner of them is even brave enough to clothe them in shorts.

R. B. (Bath).—"Things will begin to move in the garden as soon as the warm spring weather starts." And into it, as soon as spring cleaning starts.

Mr. L. (Ventnor).—"I played a lot at Monte Carlo this winter and, what is more, I made money at it." See letter below.

Mrs. L. (Ventnor).—"My husband is a professional violinist and has just returned from an engagement with a dance band on the Continent." See letter above.

R. M. (Hull).—"When I rowed for Oxford, we trained on beer." But the actual race, we suppose, was rowed on water.

P. G. B. (Paisley).—"I've written the firm a three-page letter, giving my full reasons for asking an increase of salary." You need only a few words to get that extra £1 Weekly for Life offered on page 39.

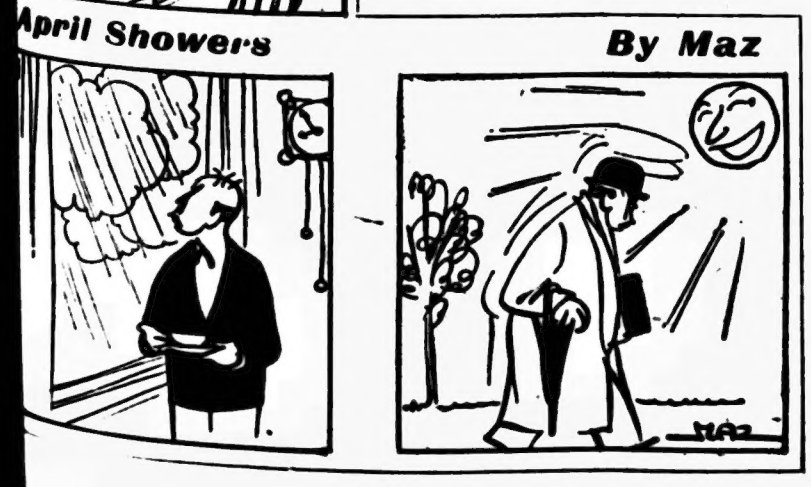
O. C. (Hanley).—"I wonder why my friend grumbles because his son has taken a leaf out of his book?" Perhaps it was his cheque book.

Disappointed (Aylesbury). — "My wife pretends to disapprove of cosmetics, but the other day I saw her using rouge." And you don't like this change of face!

R. C. (South Coast).—"I am told that our local police force will be increased by two sergeants and seven constables next month." Well, so would any other police force.

R. C. (Tamworth).—"I was seeing spots before my eyes, so I rushed off to a doctor, but he quickly assured me that there was nothing wrong." So you went back and finished your game of dominoes?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



Quick Relief from Backache

"Every Picture tells a Story."

Sluggish Kidneys cause Sharp or Nagging Pains, Aching Muscles and Joints and Urinary Disorders.

DOANS brand Backache Kidney Pills will make you fit. They wake up lazy kidneys, so that these vital organs filter excess uric acid and other harmful impurities from the blood. This is the surest way to end sharp or nagging backache, urinary or bladder troubles, stiff aching muscles and joints. Take care of yourself. If a chill causes your kidneys to become congested, don't wait to be laid up with backache, rheumatism lumbago or sciatica, but take Doans Pills. Then you will laugh at kidney ailments.

"I take Doans"

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

SCIATICA

"He is becoming an old man!"

No victim of Sciatica should miss this striking report, which shows what can be done nowadays to counter the cruel malady.

"For three years," writes Mrs. Keen, of Chingford, London, "my husband has been taking different medicines for Sciatica, but he gradually got worse. One of his legs became so bad that he was going one-sided. His work entails walking all day, but he couldn't afford time off because we have two young children. People said 'he's becoming an old man before he is young!'

"One day I bought a tin of Fynnon Salt for him. He said 'It's like everything else I've tried—it won't do any good.' But I made him try it. Now he has had seven tins, and how he praises it! Gradually his leg is getting back to normal. He gets up at 4.30 every morning without 'moaning.' After work he goes digging in the garden, though it is heavy clay soil. If it wasn't for Fynnon Salt I feel sure he would have been a cripple!"

To-day—get a tin of Fynnon Salt for *your* Sciatica or other Rheumatic trouble. Take a teaspoonful daily in a tumblerful of water. The Spa Water elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium will soon rinse away your agony and bring you real suppleness and health. Large tins 1/3.

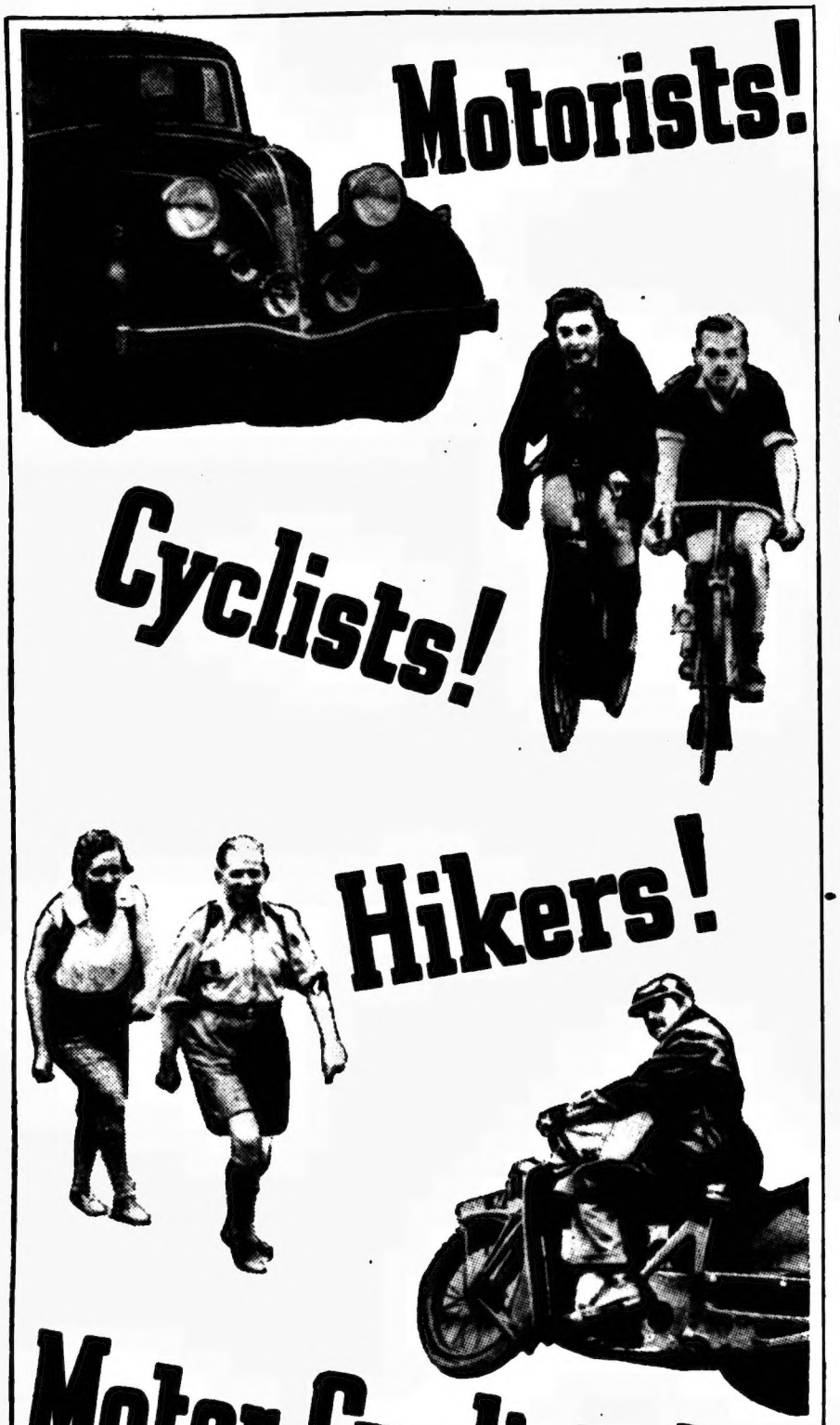
★ FREE SAMPLE

of delightful New

BREAKFAST FOOD

HERE'S a unique opportunity for every "John Bull" reader to try, taste and enjoy Weetabix—the *new* British wheat flakes cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is to write, *mentioning* "*John Bull*," to Weetabix, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), "Weetabix Mills," Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 1½d. in stamps, and a free generous trial sample will be sent to you—FREE!

Weetabix is good for kiddies—body-building and health promoting—and there are many tasty ways of serving it up to them. Take the first step and write for your Free Trial Sample. Try before you buy! Offer appears on page 23. Turn to it Now!



SEE PAGES 4 and 5
FOR JOHN BULL'S GREAT
ROAD MAPS GIFT
for every reader!

Who wants

He gets a "John Bull" CHEQUE by post

Mr. Lambert receives his weekly pension

EVERY SATURDAY

PENSION DAY regularly brings an extra "pay envelope" to thirty-five readers who have taken advantage of our Life Income Offers and become *Bullets* Pensioners.

Above you see the actual arrival of one of these welcome envelopes from JOHN BULL; receiving it is Mr. W. A. Lambert, 12, Cumming Street, Pentonville Road, London, N., a young insurance man who has already drawn over seventy such Pension payments from Long Acre and is looking forward to hundreds more.

This lifelong reward was his simply for entering a neat *Bullet—a Bullet such as you can make up in the next half-hour and with which you can secure Life Pension payments totalling £1,300 in the next twenty-five years!*

ONLY two or three weeks ago, Mr. S. H. Bates, accountant at the National Provincial Bank at Dewsbury, astounded his manager by showing him the telegram declaring him the winner of 20s. Weekly for Life for a few simple words. He became Pensioner No. 34.

"I'd never before won a prize of any description," Mr. Bates said. "It shows that, whatever your lack of achievement, you should never give up trying, for success may be just around the corner."

A Nottinghamshire poultry farmer was the 35th entrant to join the *Bullets* Pensioners by fitting together a few everyday words. And now JOHN BULL is looking for Life Pensioner No. 36.

Start now by adding a few well-chosen words to one of the *Examples* on opposite page, and you may well be next for a *Bullets* Life Income!

COUPONS and 'EXAMPLES' on NEXT PAGE

RESULT OF BULLETS No. 1,161

First Prize, 20s. Weekly for Life plus £100 cash—or 300 gns:

R. L. JONES, 10, Royal Terrace, Weymouth.
Example: OUT OF THE QUESTION
Bullet: WAR, IF OUTCOME QUESTIONED.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

L. S. TAYLOR, 88, Canterbury Grove, West Norwood, London, S.E.
Example: France And Britain
Bullet: No "Land Comes Between."

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

Mrs. SMITHSON, 110, Gibraltar Street, Bolton, Lancs.
Example: Knock-out Blow
Bullet: To Countryside, Drifting Thistledown.

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: Mrs. J. WOOD, 18, Kellett Lane, Lr. Wortley, Leeds.
Husbands—Deceivers? They Flatter Themselves!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£8: Mrs. M. L. COATES, 19, Leach's Lane, Mancot, Queensferry, Chester.
France And Britain—As One, Ease One.

£7: J. FRASER, 13, Witchknowe Road, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.
Bricks And Mortar—Sweeping Countryside Aside, Suicide.

£6: Mrs. D. WILSON, 66, King Edward Road, Loughborough.
Out Of The Question—Britannia "Dancing Before Hitler."

£5: Mrs. L. AUSTIN, 34, Sillwood Road, Brighton, Sussex.
"Mother!"—"Call" Nurse *Couldn't* Answer.

£4: F. HOBSON, 75, Newsome Road South, Berry Brow, Huddersfield.
Nation Of Athletes—Needn't Be Europe's "Harriers."

£3: S. H. WELLS, 19, Chester Road, Highgate, London, N.
Our Twins—Sighting Feast, Fighting Ceased!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. E. BARKER, 49, Chasewater Avenue, Copn... Portsmouth, Hants.
How To Stop—Bombing Danger—Fr... *ship's* "Network."

D. BENNETT, 40, Relugas Road, Edinburgh.
Man With A Bomb—Shouted "Freedom" Lost His!

F. A. CALLAN, 88, Bolingbroke Street, S... castle-on-Tyne.
All His Life—Length Of Curate's "Lent"

H. DRYBURGH, 27, Comely Bank Street, Ed... burgh.
Hero Of To-day—Slips Away—To Microphone (Entered on Prize coupon.)

Sgt. T. EASTHAM, Royal Tank Corps, Kas... India.
Woman Who Waits—To Speak, Isn't Le... ing!

Mrs. E. E. GREENWOOD, 20, Wheats Ave... Birmingham.
Home's Your Castle, But—Neighbours Da... Like Battering-rams!

J. R. MAYN, 243, Ilford Lane, Ilford, Essex.
Our Twins—Cutting Teeth—Spoiling Ears!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

W. B. NORTHWOOD, 34, Polton Road, Bis... wade, Beds.
Our Twins—Agreeing—Both Want Bass...

Mrs. A. THORPE, 26, Seymour Street, Do... Manchester.
"Mother!"—Auntie's Parrot's Last Bid...

J. TODD, 91, Raplock Street, Larkhall, Lan... shire.
Nation Of Athletes—Germany—"... "Bending"!

To each cash prize from £2 10s. to £... Easter Hamper will be added. List of fort... winners of 25 Easter Hampers and 250 ... Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

"Bullets" 36th Life Pension?

FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS YOU CAN WIN WEEKLY "JOHN BULL" CHEQUES

HOW TO WIN

TO make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, FATE'S BOMBSHELLS, you might jot down, *Often Make Friendships Firmer*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, FATE'S BOMBSHELLS—SHATTERING," YET STRENGTHEN FRIENDSHIP.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,161st contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* and see that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, April 8.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

TONIC FOR BRITANNIA
IN PROSPERITY'S GARDEN
FOR MOTHER'S SAKE
LIKE A CUCKOO
HER PEOPLE
COOLING DOWN
ON THE WRONG ROAD
"DEAR SIR, UNLESS——"
HE'S A BACHELOR, SO
AS FATHER SAID
MY NIGHTMARE
FADED
GRIM TRUTH
FIRST TRY
HOW HE DOES IT
WHEN WIFEY'S SPRING-CLEANING
USEFUL TO KNOW
WORRYING
SWELLING WITH IMPORTANCE
FATE'S BOMBSHELLS

Incomplete "Examples"—see notice below:

WHY THE WORLD'S .....
IF SONNY .....
UNEMPLOYMENT'S .....
MADE HIM .....
IN LIFE'S .....
WHEN SHE .....

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon and P.O. for 6d.
(1,165) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 8.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, APRIL 8.

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons and P.O. for 1s.
(1,165) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 8.

Signed .....
Address .....

SHOULD YOU WISH TO ENTER FURTHER "BULLETS" YOU CAN WRITE THEM ON PLAIN PAPER.

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons and P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,165) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 8.

Signed .....
Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or free) coupons for Bullets No. 1,165, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on postage and postage. Make postal order payable to John Bull, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,165 and Crossword No. 162, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing date for such joint entry, Saturday, April 8.

£300

FOR 25 YEARS—AND NOTHING FOR LIFE

FIRST PRIZE

£20 WEEKLY for LIFE £250

CASH IF PREFERRED TO PENSION

1165

£244 OTHER AWARDS

£50 £25
£10 £9 £8
£7 £6 £5
£4 10 PRIZES OF £3
25 PRIZES OF 10/-
200 2-in-1 SURPRISE AWARDS
6,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

GROCERY BONUSES

With each cash prize whose winner has submitted 3 or more paid (or prize) coupons for this Contest goes a Fine Household Bonus Grocery Case to stock your larder

ONE WEEK ONLY

CLOSING POSTMARK

SAT. APR. 8

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagent from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,165 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,160 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. Weston, Newsagent, Fairmead Road, Shinfield, near Reading.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,165, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

People In All Walks Of Life PRAISE Yeast-Vite

BRAND TONIC TABLETS

The Lightning Pick-Me-Up

PAIN RELIEVER AND TONIC HEALTH BUILDER

PEOPLE in every walk of life praise Yeast-Vite.

People in all stations and in all occupations acclaim it to be the universal health standby for the common daily ills which spoil so many lives and cause so much unnecessary suffering.

After reading the volume of praise published on this page, do not hesitate. If you sufier from

HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, NERVE TROUBLES, DEPRESSION, LASSITUDE, INSOMNIA, RHEUMATISM, that RUN-DOWN or 'LIFE'S NO GOOD' FEELING—

go to your nearest chemist *at once* and get a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite. If it doesn't 'do the trick' in your own particular case, if you don't feel better QUICKLY and get PERMANENT BENEFIT, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

Read this universal and widespread volume of praise. Then get YOUR bottle of Yeast-Vite NOW. It is sold everywhere at 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

A HEADMASTER *writes:*

Corwen, 5th May, 1938.

Dear Sirs,—I have written to you every year since May, 1935, for a large supply of Yeast-Vite Tablets.

I always give a Yeast-Vite Tablet to any of my school children suffering from headache or stomach ache, I find the Tablets most effective with children. Many of the parents have expressed their gratitide for the little treatment given in this way to their children and many of the parents buy their own supplies of Yeast-Vite. One of my school managers told me one day that since I gave a Yeast-Vite to his boy in school they buy the Tablets, and throughout the whole of the winter they have used Yeast-Vite every week. He is a haulage contractor and goes about very much. He tells me that he has recommended them to dozens of his own customers as he is so pleased with the Tablets h'mself.

Yours faithfully, W. T. (Headmaster).

A LORRY DRIVER *writes:*

Hanwell, W.7, 24th January.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing to you to tell you what I think of your Yeast-Vite Tablets.

I am a heavy lorry-driver, and under the strain I very often get run-down. I find by taking two of your Tablets when going to bed I wake up a new man in the morning, and I think they have saved me from having an illness. I have told my workmates about the Tablets, and they have started taking them, and they cannot say enough good things about them.

Yours faithfully, G. K.

A BUILDER *writes:*

Birmingham, 18th Jan., 1938.

Dear Sirs,—It gives great pleasure for me to write this compliment in consequence of the wonderful recovery of health brought to me by your Yeast-Vite tablets. For more than 12 months I was unable to work, being an operative in the Building Industry. I was a proper cripple, eaten up with cramp and Rheumatism. I could not stand nor move my limbs without great pain; the whole of my joints from head to feet were affected, I could not raise my hands above shoulder level.

I shall continue with Yeast-Vite Tablets always. I have introduced them to scores of people in my walk of life.

I remain, yours most truthfully and gratefully. W.P.

A NURSE *writes:*

Carshalton, 21st February, 1939.

Dear Sirs,—I felt I must write and tell you of the great benefit I have derived from taking your Yeast-Vite tablets.

I have been suffering from Nervous Debility and Exhaustion for the past two months, and in spite of everything that was done for me I made very little progress.

I decided to give Yeast-Vite a trial two weeks ago, and am more than pleased with the results. I feel almost quite fit again, and have regained strength and vitality.

I have recommended Yeast-Vite to all my friends, and shall continue to do so. Thanking you,

I am, yours truly, (Miss) D. S.
(Registered Sick Children's Nurse).

A PRINTER *writes:*

Smethwick, 9th December, 1938.

Dear Sirs,—I should like to take this opportunity of telling you how pleased I am with Yeast-Vite. I am a printer by trade, and as you no doubt realise, a printer's job is very nerve-racking and tiring. For months I have gone home to my wife and children every night too tired to take any interest in what my children did. Well, I saw your priceless Yeast-Vite advertised in one of the papers and I purchased a 6d. bottle. I took them as instructed and Oh Boy what a difference, I felt like a new man. My wife and children could not understand until I told them about Yeast-Vite, and incidentally I was given a promotion at the office.

If only the public knew what benefits they get from Yeast-Vite they would never be without them.

May I thank you for enabling me to feel so happy and well.

Wishing you a merry Xmas and Prosperous New Year.

Yours faithfully, G. F.

A POSTMAN *writes:*

Birmingham, 2nd August, 1938.

Dear Sirs,—During the war I served in Mesopotamia. Owing to the impure water I suffered with stomach trouble up to a short time ago.

After the cessation of hostilities I took up my work again as a postman. Many times whilst on my delivery I have been doubled up in the street with pains in the stomach.

I tried most of the "sure to cure" remedies without any improvement. One day my wife saw in the newspaper a letter from a man who had suffered like myself. He spoke highly of Yeast-Vite. My wife advised me to give them a trial. I was not keen; I had tried so many. Anyway, she bought a bottle. The pain vanished as if by magic. Also the burning sensation that always followed a meal.

I can now eat anything without fear. I am never without them.

Yours truly, (Signed) T. W.

A MISSIONER *writes:*

Bristol.

Dear Sirs,—Having derived much benefit from Yeast-Vite I am anxious to let others know.

In my work as missioner here I am continually coming in contact with those desiring to be rid of pain.

I would be most happy to distribute among our deserving poor a sample of Yeast-Vite as occasion arises if you would care to send me a supply.

I am, Yours faithfully, W. G. A.

A DENTIST *writes:*

Macclesfield, 17th February, 1938.

Dear Sirs,—Having taken a course of Yeast-Vite Tablets, I can testify to their sterling worth and tonic value and I have already recommended them to many of my friends.

Yours faithfully,
A. E. L. (Dentist).

A HOSPITAL MATRON *writes:*

Wigan, 28th January, 1938.

Dear Sirs,—I thank you for your samples of Yeast-Vite Tablets. I am constantly recommending them. The results I have obtained from them are great. I find they suit young or old.

Again thanking you,
Yours faithfully,
Miss A. Mc. (Hospital Matron).

A SAILOR *writes:*

Belfast, 30th September, 1937.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to write to you personally and tell you how well I feel after taking a course of your Yeast-Vite. I have just been discharged from the Greenwich Hospital for Seamen, after undergoing an operation for the removal of Hæmorrhoids. It was a very trying time for me, but now, thanks to your Yeast-Vite, I feel my "old self" again.

Gratefully yours, C. O'B.

A COALMAN *writes:*

Hanwell, W.7. 7th Feb., 1938.

Dear Sir,—Being a coalman I have been suffering with pains in my legs. I have hardly known how to walk, but since taking Yeast-Vite Tablets I have been a different man altogether.

Thanking you for your wonderful remedy. Yours faithfully, F. C. S.

A CHIROPODIST *writes:*

28th August.

Dear Sirs,—Having derived wonderful results from Yeast-Vite tonic Tablets for Indigestion and Rheumatism, I feel it my duty to write and thank you for your valuable formula.

I have been recommending it to a lot of my patients, and would gladly receive a supply to allow some of my patients to try their wonderful value.

Yours faithfully, H. McC.
Certified Surgical Chiropodist and Masseur.

A CAPTAIN *writes:*

Manchester, 5th Sept.

Dear Sirs,—I simply consider it my duty to write and thank you for the most wonderful help I have found from your Yeast-Vite Tablets.

Whilst out in India I suffered badly from fever (Malaria), till one day I was advised by a native to send to the native bazaar to the shop that stocked English remedies. I did so. The result was my introduction to Yeast-Vite was effected. I am now completely cured. I advise it for all cases that come to my notice.

Yours gratefully, Capt. S. M. A.

A MIDWIFE *writes:*

Atherton, 1st Dec., 1937.

Dear Sirs,—Last May I received samples of Yeast-Vite Tablets from you and these I found very handy in my work as District Midwife and also in my own home I use them frequently. I also find when "Nurse" gives a sample, the patients very rarely fail to test it and I have had good results from your Tablets both in labour and as a tonic after, and for ensuring a good night's rest from troublesome coughs.

Thanking you, I remain,
Yours truly, E. E. (S.C.M.)

A SCHOOLMISTRESS *writes:*

Manchester, 17th April.

Dear Sirs,—I would like to testify to the wonderful value of Yeast-Vite. For some time I have suffered from Insomnia and nothing seemed to do any good. Eventually a friend recommended Yeast-Vite and since then I have not only slept, but my general health has improved. I shall recommend Yeast-Vite to all my friends. If you care to use this testimonial, I shall be only too pleased.

Many thanks.

Yours sincerely, (Miss) E. V. W.

AN ACTOR *writes:*

Birmingham, 7th Dec.

Dear Sirs,—I have for years derived benefit from your Yeast-Vite Tablets and have recommended same to hundreds of fellow-professionals.

You have from time to time sent me some samples to distribute to my co-workers with me. If you care to send me some more I shall have great pleasure in distributing same.

Wishing you continued success.

I am, yours faithfully, A. C.

J.B.L.65 52*

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